

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

*POET AND PREACHER*

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GEORGE H. GIDDINS

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*From a Photograph by Mayall.*

*Electric Light Studio 164 New Bond St*

*Very Respectfully  
Edwin Paxton Hood*



# EDWIN PAXTON HOOD

*POET AND PREACHER.*

*A Memorial.*

BY  
GEORGE H. GIDDINS.

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—  
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# EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

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## INTRODUCTION.

IN that altogether delightful and discriminating book, "The Lamps of the Temple," which, although published anonymously, was soon discovered to be the production of Paxton Hood—the crisp, nervous, incisive style betraying it—is a chapter on John Pulsford, having for its motto-text a line from Sir John Cheke addressed to Latimer: "*I have an ear for other divines, but I have a heart for you.*" We are sorely tempted to appropriate the quotation and head the initial chapter of these memorial pages with words so apt and true. The friendly reader who may accompany us through the following chapters will not fail to discover that they have been written *con amore*. Their true *raison d'être* is the consciousness

the writer has of having been brought into contact with a brave and beautiful spirit, of having felt all the stimulus such a contact could not fail to evolve. He desires to lay with a reverent hand a simple wreath of flowers upon his grave.

## BIOGRAPHICAL.

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD was born in Half Moon Street, Piccadilly, October 24, 1820, and was the son of a naval officer who had served, through all the Nelson victories, in the old *Téméraire*. He entered life in the same year as Baldwin Brown (whom he closely resembled in several notable respects), and closed it, or, shall we say, emerged into its fuller and completer development, just a year after his life-long friend; a singular coincidence in the closing hours of the two men being that both were suddenly summoned to their rest just as they were making their final preparations for the summer holiday, and the goal of both being Switzerland.

He was doubly orphaned at the age of seven, and was committed to the kind care of Mr. and Mrs. Simpson, of Deptford. He was educated privately, and was in no wise indebted to academic training for that wide popularity

and potent influence he was so singularly to win and wield. He was a scholar in the Sabbath School of the Rev. William Chapman, of the Greenwich Tabernacle ; and afterwards, removing to Lewisham, became the amanuensis of the Rev. Thomas Timpson, Minister of Union Chapel, Lewisham, of which church he had become a member in 1835.

It was while a scholar in the Greenwich School that he obtained that first little triumph of which he used to tell so quaintly. On a certain anniversary occasion when Rowland Hill was the preacher, it fell to the lot of young Paxton to repeat a chapter, according to one of the time-honoured customs of the place. The chapel was thronged with people, drawn thither by the interest of the occasion and the presence of the great preacher and humorist from Surrey Chapel. In spite of the novelty of the position,—for it was his first public appearance,—the lad acquitted himself very creditably, and at the close, Rowland Hill, who had been watching and listening with very close interest, said kindly to the boy, “ You — have — repeated —

that—chapter—very—well,—and—if—you—  
come—down—into—the—vestry—after—the  
—service,—I’ll—give—you—SIXPENCE.”

It was during his stay with Mr. Timpson that he began to devour *The Penny Magazine*, and other periodical literature, and fell under that spell of books which was destined to colour and control the whole of his after years. So great was his avidity for books that it is said, that in order to procure one he was most desirous of possessing, he once went almost without food for three days. While quite a lad (under fourteen), he joined the West Kent Young Men’s Society, and, although some demur had been made to his admission on account of his youth, an objection overruled in consideration of his already decided literary tastes and abilities, he was chosen to read the first essay to the society. Shortly after this he became usher in an academy, and engaged in the preparation of a number of educational manuals of considerable value and repute.

Before attaining his twenty-fifth year, he was actively at work for several publishers, and had been kindly taken notice of and

encouraged by the author of "The Pleasures of Memory," Samuel Rogers, at his house at 22, St. James's Street. The high value he attached to such a friendship was evinced by his dedication of a small volume to his patron in 1846. It is interesting to think of his visit to the great Nestor of literature in those days, and of the visit which Rogers in his turn had made to dear, dogmatic old Dr. Johnson. But young Hood's visit was the greater success; for, as Rogers would often tell his visitors, he had never got beyond ringing the bell at the old house at Bolt Court, his courage failed him at the last moment, and he ran away before the door was opened. They tell us that Rogers was full of sarcasm and splenetic spite, and yet the man who for three-quarters of a century had been the literary lion of London, who had received in his cheerful parlour, looking pleasantly out upon the Green Park, Wordsworth, Haydon, Scott, Wilkie, Sydney Smith, Byron, Shelley, Coleridge, Campbell, Thomas Moore, Caroline Norton, Keats, Hazlitt, Charles Lamb, and, indeed, every man and woman of mark in art and letters, had some very genial words for

young Hood, and said to him one day, "You have written lines, Mr. Hood, which have gladdened an old man's heart."

From 1837 to 1845, we find him in church fellowship at Midway Place, Deptford.

Removing to London, he entered upon an active literary life, reading and writing incessantly, and working hard as a lecturer at mechanics' institutes and as an advocate of the then unpopular cause of Temperance. Entering fully upon this campaign, he visited all parts of the country, his headquarters being at Fulford, York. Here he wrote and published those twenty volumes entitled, "Paxton Hood's Library for Young Men," which have so fascinated and stimulated so many thoughtful minds. It was while pursuing this active life of lecturer and Temperance advocate that, in 1845, he came under the influence of the author of "Anti - Bacchus" and "The Mental and Moral Dignity of Woman"—the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley—whose "Life" he was to write years afterwards with such a warm and reverent hand. At Fulford, in 1847, he married Miss Wagstaff, of York. It was a

marriage of very real affection and promise, but the young wife died in giving birth to her first child, and "there fell upon his house a sudden gloom." Like all brave men, he found the surest and most effective anodyne in work; and shortly after this heavy sorrow he compiled his "Encyclopædia of Peace Facts." At the suggestion of Mr. Parsons, and through his agency, he settled in the little village pastorate of North Nibley in 1852, with a stipend of some £40, and assisted his friend and mentor in the quiet ministrations at Ebley.

A year later and he was united in marriage to Miss Elizabeth Barnby, of Hull, and again there seemed to loom before him a tender and beautiful home life. But not yet was the restfulness to come. She bore him gentle companionship for but two brief years, and then consumption did its work, and the little home at Nibley was hushed and darkened once more. How full those early years were of poverty, anxiety, disappointment, suffering; bereavement! Looking upon his bright face and listening to his cheery laughter, you might never have guessed he had passed through so

dense a cloud; but if you had the spiritual insight, you might have detected it in the deep, subjective teaching, the spiritual unfolding of the after years.

The little town of North Nibley, Dursley, Gloucestershire, on the Cam, has a history that looks back as far as the pages of Domesday Book; the pleasant little place there embosomed among the hills lying midway between Cheltenham, Gloucester, and Bristol. It was the birthplace of Fox, the Bishop of Hereford, one of the supporters of the Reformation, and is famous for its quarries of tufa stone, its pin manufactories, its many looms, and its ruins of the ancient castle of the Lords of Berkeley. In all his subsequent wanderings Paxton Hood ever turns lovingly and tenderly towards this idyllic life in the Gloucester wolds—these scenes of his earliest ministry. “Beautiful Ebley!” he says; “how the hills girdle it round, fringed with the magnificent skirting of waving trees! Beautiful Ebley! with its ancient meeting-house, so old-world-like and grotesque; its unadorned pews and pulpit and rude organ strains, and its lovely little parsonage, so

quiet and holy, and its study looking out upon the place of graves! Beautiful and serene burial spot; a cemetery for its external beauty; a garden, breathing beauty and fragrance round the sepulchre; and the school house, with the low hum of children murmuring on the ear;—or, if the Sabbath morning has called to worship, look at the crowds winding round the chapel-walks till the time of service has arrived, and then, in the temple, so rude and plain, what arrests you?—the earnest silence and love of that plain people—farmers, labourers, blacksmiths, weavers. Let us breathe a blessing on the spot; let us breathe a prayer over that congregation; for, as it rises before us, it is hallowed in our eyes! ”

Looking back along the faded years, how we feel we should have liked to mingle with those simple village folk, and in the holy calm of those quiet Sabbath evenings have listened to the plain pulpit talk. But beautiful as was such a pastoral scene as this, and hallowed such associations, a wider arena awaited him, in the more feverish atmosphere of the City. The simplest prescience might predicate a larger area for the energies of a man like the

Village Pastor of Nibley. It is not surprising, therefore, that after some two or three years in simple ministrations like these we find him coming up to London, and officiating for some months at Sion Chapel, Whitechapel, —one of the old conventicles built by the Countess of Huntingdon in 1790, and almost precisely similar in form and arrangement to the old Surrey Chapel in Blackfriars, with its memories of Rowland Hill and James Sherman ; or Spa Fields, Clerkenwell, so long the scene of the faithful labours of Thomas Thoresby.

Like many another of these quaint old structures, it was rich in association. Here had come and laboured Owen of Bath and Cooper of Dublin ; stately George Clayton and that rugged old Matthew Wilks, of whose singularities here and at the Tabernacle in Moorfields, Paxton Hood was never tired of telling ; and genial James Sherman, and John Sortain, and Benjamin Parsons, the “ Oberlin of Gloucestershire.” For a long time it was a place of “ fallen fortunes,” and has long been replaced by a building bearing the old historic name a little further east. Here Mr.

Hood laboured for some months amidst many discouragements and serious difficulties, the church even then having fallen to a very low ebb.

He had been introduced to the deacons by his revered friend and counsellor, Benjamin Parsons, who thus kindly and wisely writes to him when somewhat dejected and dispirited by the apparently sterile soil and unpropitious outlook:—"You must not be discouraged; you had better congregations than I had for my first Sabbaths. Every man in preaching must make his own fortune. He must have four things to real success: 1st, piety; 2nd, talent; 3rd, learning, elocution, &c.; 4th, he must have God's Holy Spirit to bless his labours. I am more than ever convinced that the ministerial gift is from Christ. No gift on earth is equal to it. To make mankind and womankind thinking, pure, benevolent, God-like, is the most glorious employment on earth, the most praised in heaven. Lecturing to mechanics' institutes will be better paid here, but the salvation of souls will yield a better revenue hereafter. Why not pray to be baptized for the ministry, to be willing to bear its cross and

poverty? If you are faithful, 'the crown of life' will repay all."

His own description of the place, published in his "Lamps of the Temple," is sufficiently graphic: "Does the reader know Sion Chapel, in Whitechapel, in London? It is the most huge and unwieldy place of worship we ever entered; we feel almost inclined to say the most ugly, comfortless, and ungainly . . . with sittings to the number of three thousand five hundred which may be let, in addition to the immense space devoted to the free sittings."

It was while labouring in the sequestered and unpropitious village church at Nibley, that the congregation then worshipping at Twyford Hall, Caledonian Road, heard of him, and, on the introduction of his friend the Rev. T. Lloyd, late of St. Ives, he was invited to preach for them. The acceptance of such a request led very speedily to an invitation to the pastorate of the church, the new building for which was just nearing completion in the Offord Road, Barnsbury,—his generous friend, the Rev. Dr. Morton Brown, of Cheltenham, bearing gracious testimony on his behalf. He entered upon this ministry in 1857,

the Rev. Dr. Landels preaching the opening sermon in the new church ; and at the Recognition Service, shortly afterwards, we find the venerable Dr. Bennett offering the customary prayer, and his congenial friend and neighbour, Alfred Morris—whom he had sketched so appreciatively a few years previously in the “Lamps of the Temple”—preaching the sermon from the text, “As a man is, so is his strength.”

His wide departure from many of the treasured traditions and canons of pulpit mode and manner, and the undoubted eccentricity of thought and tone, had startled many of the “brethren” from their calm somnolence and sense of decency and order, and as a consequence he had been well-nigh ostracised from some of the little cliques and coteries of the day. Coming to Barnsbury, however, was entering upon a fresher life, with a freer inspiration ; and very soon the pulpit of Offord Road was the centre of a large-souled, cultured, sympathetic circle ; and so great was the proportion of young men attracted to the place that in a few months more than three hundred members were

enrolled in the Literary and Christian Institute of which he was President.

The same memorable year of his settlement at Barnsbury marked his third marriage. This time it was to be an enduring affection, a companionship that was to last for twenty-eight years, and was to prove to him the one great abiding blessing of his life. She who thus entered into his life, almost contemporaneously with his union with the beloved people of Offord Road, was Miss Lavinia Oughton, daughter of the Rev. Samuel Oughton, of Kingston, Jamaica. In every possible sense the wedded life was a happy, beautiful, and mutually helpful one, and she who had through long years borne him brave company, and lovingly ministered to him throughout his strangely chequered life, now mourns him in the shade and solitude of a widowed home.

The newly-opened church was soon filled by an earnest, intelligent, appreciative audience. "Outsiders"—the restless ones who, while not outside all sympathy with Christianity, are nevertheless drawn into no church relationships—were attracted by this new preacher and poet, who put things so pertinently.

They fell under the spell of his eloquence they were charmed with his earnestness, and experienced a strange, electric touch in his enthusiasm. Here was a *living* man in the pulpit—full of nervous sensibility, with an unwonted felicity of expression, and with the broad arrow of fidelity to conviction stamped legibly upon all he said and did.

In listening to Paxton Hood you knew you had a real, living MAN before you—not a duodecimo edition of “Theology,” printed on gilt-edged, rose-pink paper, and bound in *calf*. The world has need of men of his stamp. If you would kindle a flame in others you must have the fire yourself; you must breathe the mountain air yourself if you would quicken the respiration of those who are fainting for a fuller life; the winds of heaven must fan *your* cheek and beat about *your* brows if your voice is to peal through the valley of dry bones with vibrations that shall make them live. There was a ring of earnestness in all Paxton Hood’s written or spoken words. You knew the man meant all he said, and desired in very earnest that you should believe it too. He was as much “possessed” of the truth he was en-

deavouring to unfold and to enforce as was Paul at Athens, Savonarola at Florence, Hermit Peter at Amiens, Bernard at Clairvaux, or Luther at Worms.

The preaching of those years was a power, and the memories of it are sacred and sacramental. What other sermons linger in our memories, and pulse and throb, even after the long interval of years, as these do? That restful one, "Safe to Land"; that suggestive one, "The Sanctity of Touch"; those lofty speculations, "Law, Nature, and Man"; or that on "The Samaritans," or "Divine Mirrors," or "The Power of an Invisible Presence"! What vivid impressions we preserve of those "Dark Sayings on a Harp," "The Art of Life," "Christ's Knowledge of Man," "The World's Great Hour," "The Power of a Sleepless Night," "The Hidden Life," "Unfulfilled Lives," "The Spectre's Question," "Doing and Dreaming," "The New Consciousness," "The Heavenly Liturgy," "Outward Bound," "Homeward Bound," "Shadows of Good Things to Come," "The Story without an End," "The Jealous God," "God's Terrible Things"—those musings on

the Book of Job ; those meditations on " The Pilgrim's Progress " ; that startling sermon from the text, " Wherefore I was not disobedient to the heavenly vision " ; or that comforting one from the words, " And he worshipped, leaning upon the top of his staff " !

His sermons were pre-eminently suggestive. To enter into them at all was practically to lay out for yourself a week of thought and amplification. He led you to the fringe of some great forest, and, pointing you along its leafy avenues, bade you enter and gather of the rich ripe fruit for yourself. In a sense, his was the true Socratic method. Having linked you on to some great mystery, or started you upon some road to the elucidation of such, you were startled at times by your own discoveries. Bitter disappointment lay before any who, going to hear Paxton Hood, expected all the thinking to be done for them while they, as placid spectators at a play, were simply gratified by a pleasant and powerful performance. " I would aim rather," he says, in his " Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets," " to radiate than to vibrate, to enlighten than astonish."

After listening to Paxton Hood, we say, you were conscious of suggestions. He never took a text and exhausted it, leaving you only with the sense of wonderment, or dazzled with the dexterity of his art. You came away with material for many a quiet hour of meditation. Frequently the thought was only hinted at. It was not a luxurious listening to some soothing and soporific music stealing over the soul, but an hour of mental and spiritual activity. You were wafted upon the wings of no azure fancy or rosy speculation into the lotus-eaters' paradise; but, in quickening pulse and throbbing heart, you felt fresh impulses stirring the spirit and calling all your faculties into action. Old truths were presented so strikingly that you were fain to say, "I never saw it in this wise;" or, at other times, thoughts that had often floated around you, nebular and impalpable, were given to them a definiteness and shape that startled you, as he gave them a voice distinct and clear.

It was shortly after his coming to Offord Road we first heard him, in those old impressionable days when we were wont to indulge in the dissipation of running to hear the great

preachers of the day. Many were our Sunday pilgrimages to the Weigh House, to listen to Thomas Binney; or at Hampstead Road, to T. T. Lynch. We had been taken to hear Dr. John Harris and Dr. Pye Smith and Dr. Joseph Beaumont; and now the taste created in those juvenile days had grown and developed, and we listened appreciatively to Dr. Archer at Oxendon Street, and Samuel Martin at Westminster, Dr. Bayley at Argyle Square, Dr. Hamilton at Regent Square, to Baldwin Brown, and to George Dawson, on his occasional visits to South Place. One memorable Sunday afternoon, a friend, with like eclectic tastes, announced that he had made a new discovery at Barnsbury; "Shakespeare in the pulpit" was the laconic verdict. That same evening we found our way to Offord Road. We knew not why, but we had imagined a man with the voice and physique of Dr. Dale, of Birmingham. The first sight and sound were alike disappointing. Instead of the young, stalwart, vigorous, raven-haired man, with the clarion voice, was a meagre frame and a shrill shriek. All was different to our anticipation, and the first few moments were of doubt. But

there was an accent as well as a tone, and a strange introspection in the prayer that was a new experience. Never had prayer before seemed so really a thing of spiritual *contact*; and, then, the text was a peculiar one: "I will give unto him a white stone." A sermon different from all others, recalling no other style; but lingering with a tenacity that no other preaching had ever done before, nor since.

A more unconventional pulpit method it were almost impossible to imagine. How the man throbbed and palpitated beneath the influences of the occasion and the place! How erratic, say some! Yes! Sometimes, in one of his lark-like flights, he would startle us by a verse of song—clear, resonant, thrilling! "Singing in a sermon!" how very improper! How it would disturb the delightful placidities of some of our dignified divines, the "men of light and leading," who walk never but along the well-trodden paths; Matthew Arnold's men of "culture" and "lucidity," who are so beautifully correct; and, like Ingoldsby's acolytes in Rheims Cathedral, are such "nice little boys"!

In view of very many of our modern pulpit performances, we have come to consider that preaching is almost a lost art amongst us. In place of introspection and subjectivity on the one hand, and of sympathetic power of communication, of healthy stimulus and enkindling, on the other, we have pretty platitudes and puerilities. The pulpit is often either commonplace and vulgar or statuesque and cold. Its traditions of fervid zeal and warm pulsations of life are faded and forgotten. There are, of course, some very notable exceptions to such a generalisation, and we may, perhaps, be pardoned for thinking that many such may be included within the limits of our modern Congregationalism, which compares most favourably with all other sections of the church, and furnishes, perhaps, some of the most noteworthy examples of pulpit power. Of course, among the exceptions to which we refer, there is a vastly healthier mood and tone than that which distinguished the men of a former generation. We have certainly outgrown that "kind of cold crystallisation of sanctified Chesterfieldism, for ever fearing to offend," as

Paxton Hood characterises very much of the old school.

In our boyhood days there was a word often employed to designate the dignified dialectics of some of the memorable men of those times. We were wont to call them "prosy." The word has perhaps dropped out from our vocabulary, but the quality is not extinct. Who, however, by the utmost stretch of the most vivid imagination, could ever thus regard and designate the Preacher of Offord Road? Who ever heard a dull sermon from Paxton Hood? It might sometimes require a considerable amount of effort to follow him in some of his more daring speculations, from the simple fact that he moved at times in a world to which you were, perhaps, a stranger—lived in experiences to which you had not attained; but, even if unable to follow him in some of his highest aerial flights, you were conscious of influences and impulses that were fresh and invigorating. You may be very sensible of an inspiration as you listen to the symphonies of Bach or the sonatas of Beethoven, even though you be incapable of very clearly defining the glint and glow

of the glamour they have thrown around you. Such was Hood sometimes, for he was the subject of many of those moods and monitions known only to the poet soul! And how varied were those tones, how changing the experiences! Sometimes, the low, quiet whisper, as of a soul oppressed with a nameless sorrow, and anon the *élan* as of a strong fighter eager for the fray. Now, low murmurs as of breaking waves upon the shore, or soughing of the night wind, as he invited you to quiet meditations, and then, "by a way that you knew not," in swallow-like flights, up, up to the blue empyrean; and then the winds, you knew not whence nor whither, blew about you, and the *hywl* of the preacher hovered and beat about you with its passionate energy, its resistless force. With what celerity he moved, and yet with what intensity of thought and keenness of insight! His words were wings, his sentences rhythambic and melodious, and as they moved they rippled into song. Very truly, perhaps, we may gauge the real fitness of the preacher by his power to stir into activity the moral and spiritual *inertia* of his hearers.

In the preaching of Paxton Hood there was

ever the assurance that it was all the outcome of a very real and definite experience, that what he was supremely anxious should become *yours* had most indubitably been first *his*. He saw clearly, but only in proportion as he felt exquisitely. As Emerson very pithily puts it, "No man has a right perception of any truth who has not been reacted on by it." Here was a man of convictions, and hence his words were tonics for doubt-enfeebled spirits. "I will listen to any one's convictions," said Goethe, "but pray keep your doubts to yourself, I have plenty of my own." He could and did most heartily sympathise with you if you had been wandering in the cold cloud regions of the "Everlasting No"; he had but little for you if you were only wallowing in the "Centre of Indifference." His endeavour was ever to lead you, through the healthy avenues of happy activities, from the mephitic glooms of sceptical inanitions, into the bracing atmosphere of faith and hope.

How frequently it comes to pass that the mental poverty of the preacher is concealed as some may think, revealed as the more discriminating affirm, by the stately army of

words that file along with elephantine tread! How often that the emphasis of the whole business is an affair "rather of italic letters," as Alfred Morris said, "than of large thoughts." Choice as was the diction, and full the vocabulary, of Paxton Hood, the word was ever the vehicle of the idea, the vesture of the thought.

We cannot conceive of Paxton Hood approaching any subject of his pulpit meditation with the rule and compass of the mathematician, or the scalpel of the surgeon. As he got into the heart of it you saw the quickened glance, you felt the increased momentum of the pulse. Do we not rightly say that the heart sees farther than the head? That which is intended to awaken a new consciousness, enkindle a dying impulse, inform with power a decrepit faith, must come pulsing out of a heart with a red baptism of blood upon it, hot with a passionate earnestness, yet spoken oftenest to the tremulous accompaniment of tears. Sometimes his words rushed past you like the Rhone—impetuous, swift, impatient, a mighty torrent—you were fain to hold your breath; sometimes they were short, crisp, sententious; sometimes elaborate

pictures, with all the graces of form and colour, tone, and clever *chiar'oscuro*; sometimes quick arrows of light, flashes as of lurid lightning across a sable sky. Yet, whatever the fashion of the drapery, beneath its folds were very real and living thoughts; the one necessitated and suggested the other; and high and above all the mere mechanism was the true *geist*, the soul, that looked out from every lattice to quicken, illuminate, inflame!

A key to very much of Paxton Hood's pulpit method may be found in the preface to his first collected volume of Sermons, in which he says:—"I own myself to be much more desirous to convey ideas and impulses than the graces of sesquipedalian periods in the pulpit. I must do my best to interest my hearers, and therefore I am usually desirous of dropping the links by which I reached the rivet, and would much rather be esteemed a disciple of Henry Smith, or Thomas Adams, or Robert Robinson as a preacher, than Robert Hall, Dr. McAll, or even Jeremy Taylor."

In 1862 he accepted the pressing invitation of the church at Queen Square, Brighton, and

was succeeded at Offord Road by the Rev. John Pulsford, of Hull, author of that glorious book, "Quiet Hours," of "Christ and His Seed," and "The Supremacy of Man."

There was a depth of wisdom the members of the church at Offord Road displayed in their selection of a successor to Paxton Hood. Searching through the whole catalogue of ministerial names in the "Congregational Year Book," no more appropriate choice could have been made than in John Pulsford, of Hull. He came to them on the introduction and enthusiastic recommendation of Paxton Hood, who years before had spoken so eloquently and warmly of the author of "Quiet Hours"; retired from all association with outside movements, almost as much alone "as Richter at Bayreuth, or Kant at Königsburg." He had spoken of him as "Emerson Christianised." "The hearer," he says, "feels that he is with Moses, a face shining after talking with the Divine," and that he always reminded him of the exquisite little poem, "Das Stille Land," of the Swiss poet, Salis.

In Brighton Paxton Hood remained twelve years, attracting there, as everywhere, a

cultured and appreciative congregation, and, as was his wont, making troops of friends. Very happy were many of the experiences of these years on the Sussex coast; and very helpful was the work done there. His influence was, in many particulars, analogous to that of the revered and beautiful Frederick Robertson, and the rewards and the penalties of such were not dissimilar.

Amongst the formidable difficulties with which he had, however, to contend, was that frightful incubus that lies so heavily and so frequently, like a dread nightmare, upon so many an Independent pastor—a heavy debt. How often such an encumbrance presses so heavily as to deaden the liveliest energies and nullify all spiritual power! Paxton Hood was keenly alive to such effects as these, and with characteristic industry set to work to the removal of the cause. By dint of sheer hard work, by lecturing and writing, and in many another way, he succeeded in clearing off a long outstanding debt of £1,800, and in raising an additional £5,000 for the various institutions of the church. How susceptible he was to the freezing influences of these dreadful

church debts was manifested in the heartily appreciative manner in which he spoke to us of his deacons soon after his settlement at Falcon Square, how "they had left him free from all the financial cares and burdens of the place."

During all this time the former prosperity of Offord Road had been gradually and mournfully declining. John Pulsford had, after a stay of six years, left London for Edinburgh, and the place seemed to lose its spirit and its power. It ever must be, in the history of any church, an important and difficult crisis when the relationship between itself and a pastor of a singularly accentuated individuality is severed. We can hardly imagine a church in greater straits than this at Offord Road. John Pulsford was, as we have said, perhaps the very happiest selection as a successor to Paxton Hood. Both were men of strongly marked personality, and at the same time there was between them so much sympathy of thought and mode of presentment; but when John Pulsford, in his time, was transferred to another sphere of service, the difficulty was aggravated and intensified, and so it came to

pass that although the men who followed were beyond all questioning, good and Godly men, yet, having a less significant and distinctive *cachet* upon their thought and method, the fortunes of Offord Road drifted to a very low ebb.

It was under these circumstances and representations that Paxton Hood, in 1873, in an ill-advised hour as some have thought, consented to return. The old debt that had been so heavy a burden in the old days remained. He came back in obedience to a generous instinct, and this time the "call" was to a smaller stipend. The work had languished. Many of those who had clustered around him in those early years of his first ministry there, had entered into new Church relationships, and although many of the warmest of his oldest friends were left to fight under the old flag together, the church was, in many essential respects, a different one. The place was the same, and had all the beautiful and sacred associations of the voiceful past still clinging to it—but the church was different. No wonder, then, that in less than five short years the ties were again

broken—broken in very real sadness, as we can testify—and the pastor removed to Cavendish Chapel, Manchester.

Well do we remember that farewell service at Offord Road. How affectionately he spoke of the pleasant associations of the place, of the warm friendships that had been formed, of the tender links about to be severed; and then, pointing from pew to pew, of the many whom he had known and loved who had “gone home, to be for ever with the Lord”—“the place is full of ghosts,” he said; and then, how reverently and lovingly he spoke of the many “to whom it has been my chief delight as it has been my highest honour to minister”; of Dr. John Young, the former minister of Albion Chapel, Moorgate, the author of “The Christ of History,” who had been a very frequent attendant upon his ministry; of Dr. Livingstone, who had come hither one Sabbath evening to worship; of the Cuthbertsons; of Dr. Leifchild, and Dr. Davies, of the Religious Tract Society; of Mr. Stratten, Dr. George Macdonald, and of many who had cheered him by their presence and sympathy. What a handshaking it was; and how reluctant we all were

to leave the place endeared to us by such precious memories, and which, as a pastor, was to know him no more. Into that hour there seemed to be pressed very much of the pathos of that memorable parting at Ephesus, when Paul almost broke the leal and loving hearts of his faithful friends by the assurance that they should "see his face no more."

The new relationship at Manchester was not destined to be as happy a one as those into which he had formerly entered. There was the same magnetic influence to draw around the Cavendish pulpit the thoughtful and the earnest; again young men discovered in the new comer one to whom they might take, with certainty of comprehension and sympathy, their perplexities and doubts; but there was a leaven there, working silently but surely, destined by-and-by to disturb the serenity and blight the promise of the bright beginning.

The political fortunes of the country had been committed to the hands of my Lord Beaconsfield, and, marvel of marvels, the "Jingo" spirit of which he was the source and the inspiration, found its way to Man-

chester, and even within the recesses of a Congregational church. The man who loved and revered William Ewart Gladstone could hardly have been expected to possess much respect for Benjamin Disraeli. To recognise earnestness, rigid sense of right, and religious tone in the one, was necessarily to have small love for the gilt and tinsel, the speciousness and theatricality of the other. When, therefore, to the glittering follies of the Beaconsfield Cabinet was added the crowning iniquity of the Afghan War, no wonder the righteous soul of the old Peace Delegate was roused within him, was lashed into a very real and lofty indignation, and that his voice denounced the crime with no uncertain sound.

His vigorous protests against the "spirited" foreign policy of the Government of the day provoked the ire of some of the Tory members of the diaconate; they denounced the fearless advocate of right against might, and of principle against policy, whether "spirited" or otherwise; a breach was made, and very soon it became clearly evident that to carry on the work of a successful Christian min-

istry under such conditions was impossible. Mr. Hood resigned his pastorate in 1880, and after ministering for twelve months to a large number of faithful friends "who had not bowed the knee to Baal," in the Hulme Town Hall, he resolved to seek rest and recreation for perturbed spirit and aching heart and tired brain in a lengthened sojourn in the United States. But the vituperation, the heartlessness, the attempts to wound through the ostracism of faithful friends, had done their work, and the seeds of the fatal malady were sown.

On the eve of his departure a public breakfast was given in his honour by his loyal friends at Cavendish, and a cheque for £200 handed to him as a testimony of their admiration of his manly protests against the evil policy of the Government at the time of the General Election. We cannot refrain from quoting part of a letter, written to the chairman of the committee on this occasion, by the late Right Hon. Henry Fawcett, M.P., the Postmaster-General:—"It is a great disappointment to me that I shall not be able, in consequence of a longstanding

engagement, to be present at the farewell luncheon to the Rev. E. Paxton Hood. I should have been particularly glad to have had an opportunity of attending a gathering, the object of which is to do honour to one who, I have no hesitation in saying, has always been amongst the foremost to protest against injustice, and to help on every cause calculated to promote the well-being of the people. It is now more than seventeen years since I met Mr. Paxton Hood, on the occasion of my first contest at Brighton. At that time the absorbing political question was the American Civil War. Mr. Paxton Hood was one of the staunchest supporters of the North, and the eloquent appeals he then made on behalf of the cause of human freedom, produced an impression on me I shall never forget."

The happy relationship of pastor and people thus rudely and roughly severed, he determined, as we have said, to seek solace for a chafed spirit and a dream too soon dispelled in a sea voyage and a visit to America. Anent this visit, *The Christian World* said: "Had he happened to be a dull, perfectly safe man, reticent on all public questions, distin-

guished for 'tact' rather than for boldness, it is probable he would not now have been free to visit 'our kin beyond sea'; but being a man of genius, and not one of the 'orthodox dry sticks,' which Mr. Pulsford tried to burn up a few weeks ago, and apt, therefore, to say and do things that startle and vex the official mind, he has been permitted to go upon his travels."

He was absent during some months, visiting all parts of the Union; making the acquaintance of many of the most prominent of its poets, preachers, and men of letters; preaching and lecturing in many of its most famous churches, and writing a series of graphic, cheery, chatty letters to *The Christian World*.

Amid the multifarious labours of that distinctively busy life, he found time for frequent foreign travel. In the course of his lecturing tours and preaching peregrinations, he had wandered through every English county, and in various summer holidays he had roamed through France and Germany, Holland and Belgium, Switzerland and Italy, and even through Sweden and Norway, gathering ever fresh *matériel*, and receiving ever new impressions. This sojourn on the American Continent

was not the least pleasurable of these experiences, and he referred again and again during these last years to the impressions of those months, and his determination to renew them at no very distant date.

On his return from America, he, in 1882, received and accepted a pressing invitation to the pastorate of the church at Falcon Square, vacant by the transfer of the Rev. Justin Evans to Clement Duke's old pulpit in the Middleton Road, Dalston.

What far-reaching memories has this old City church,—a history that looks back upon the old Puritan times, and with traditions that are inspirations ! With the sole exception of the City Temple—to which the old church worshipping in the Poultry migrated—founded but two years previously, it is the oldest Independent Church in London ; formed by Philip Nye, one of the “ Dissenting Brethren ” of the Westminster Assembly ejected on the termination of the Commonwealth. Here, in a glorious succession of faithful men have followed — Thomas Cole, John Singleton, Daniel Neale, the Historian of the Puritans, Roger Pickering, Dr. Seaman, John Howe,

Chaplain to Oliver Cromwell, Dr. Thomas Jacomb, Dr. Daniel Williams, the founder of the famous library, John Shower, Thomas Reynolds, John Spademan, Samuel Rosewell, Jeremiah Smith, Daniel Mayo, Thomas Bures, Samuel Hayward, John Chater, Jacob Dalton, William Smith, David Bogue, Thomas Wills, Robert Caldwell, Evan John Jones, Dr. Bennett, John Bartlett, John Sidney Hall, George Critchley, and W. Justin Evans.

Befitting life's close, these last years at Falcon Square seem to have passed very quietly and serenely; asperities had been softened, experiences had mellowed, sorrows had refined; not but that the individuality of the man was as pronounced and sharply defined as ever. Some of his latest pulpit utterances here, were those on "The Gospel in our Modern Poets," in which the teachings of the great Prophet-Bards, Tennyson, Browning, Longfellow, and others, were considered, expounded, and applied. That such unorthodox work as this should provoke the opposition of narrow bigotry and "learned ignorance," *va sans dire*.

The forty years of Paxton Hood's public life were in every respect eventful ones, and

commenced before the great changes immediately preceding them had lost their early vigour and freshness. The new order of things induced by the passing of the Reform Bill had hardly had time to shape themselves into a concrete form. The Repeal of the Corn Laws had only quite recently still further accentuated these changes, while on matters ecclesiastical and religious, the great Oxford movement of Pusey, Keble, and Newman had given them a totally new complexion. The old leaven had not been entirely eradicated, the new was still in its initial processes of fermentation.

These forty years cover an interval which may be best described as transitional ; an era of restless activities and new departures. The greatest event of the last nineteen centuries, perhaps, the French Revolution of 1789, found a very natural and further development in that of 1848, which, soon overleaping the narrow limits of its earliest arena in the valley of the Seine, found an ampler theatre over nearly the whole European Continent. The torch of Freedom had again been kindled in Paris, and, if but a fitful flame, the lurid light was reflected in the capitals of Hungary and Italy, Germany

and England, and from out those troublous times there stepped forth men like Garibaldi, Cavour, Kossuth, Mazzini, and Louis Blanc. The forces stirring the political and social life of those years permeated all departments of human activity, colouring and controlling science, literature, art.

The year 1851 came and went, and with it not only the Great Aladdin Palace in Hyde Park, but alack! and alas! the bright millennial glories it had symbolised and predicted. The Temple of Janus was at length once more to be closed and for ever, and yet within a space of thirty years ensuing, Europe was destined again and yet again to be wrapped in flame and deluged in blood. In quick succession to the universal hand-shaking, the enthusiastic toasts and pyrotechnic jubilations of the World's Fair, followed the Crimean War, the Indian Mutiny, the colossal Civil War in America, the Austro-Prussian, Russo-Turkish, Franco-Russian, and other sanguinary campaigns, fought with all the advantages of the latest "resources of civilisation" that human ingenuity and Satanic malignity could devise; together with some of the most iniquitous in

which this country has ever been engaged, the foul slaughter of Sikhs and Kaffirs, Chinese, Burmese, Abyssinians, Ashantees, Maoris, Boers, Zulus, Afghans, and Soudanese, each deepening with a darker shade of shame.

In these years the map of Europe has been almost entirely rearranged; many have been the "Monarchs retired from business"; small states groaning beneath the ban of kingcraft and priestcraft have been merged in larger and perhaps freer ones, and the nightmare reign of "*Napoléon le Petit*," which had its inception in the dark and dastardly *Coup d'Etat* of 1851, collapsed in night and ruin, only to lead the way for the unification of a powerful and enlightened German Empire.

We have spoken of the Tractarian movement in the Establishment. These same years saw still another and a greater chasm in the serried ranks of Wesleyan Methodism; the last dogmatic despotism of the Conference and the leaping into life of a freer and robuster offshoot destined to develop into the Methodist Free Church. Almost every Church communion has been rent and torn by internal strife in these eventful years, memorable to Congregationalists

alas ! by the cruel and merciless persecution of the gentle author of "The Rivulet." On the other hand, they have seen, thanks to the persistent obstinacy and fearless pertinacity of the Liberation Society, the abolition of church-rates, some measure of burial and marriage law reform, and the abolition of the State Church in Ireland. If they have been made remarkable by Rome's *pronunciamento* of the dogma of Papal infallibility, they have been rendered illustrious by the emancipation of the negro slaves in America, and the enfranchisement of the people. They have witnessed also gigantic strides in Temperance and Social Purity, and the passing of the Education Act of 1870, destined, perhaps, to become more potent in the work of national progress than anything beside.

Every department of mental culture has been quickened to a healthier life, and the times have been pregnant with mightiest achievements in the domains of Science, Literature, and Art. In these, perhaps, feverish activity and daring speculation have been most singularly apparent. Darwin, Haeckel, Tyndal, Huxley, Helmholtz, and Pasteur have changed

the whole current of all previous scientific thought and teaching. Evolution has passed from its early province of affrighting earnest, believing souls, into one at least of hypothesis if not of demonstration. Art in all its departments has been marvellously prolific, and these forty years include the names of Millais and Leighton, Holman Hunt, Josef Israels, Meissonier, Gustave Doré, Munkacsy, Balfe, Wallace, Verdi, Gounod, Auber, Rossini, Wagner, Mendelssohn, and Meyerbeer. It has had its fresh departures in its pre-Raphaelite and æsthetic coteries; while as to the department of Letters, no similar period has been so remarkable for its fecundity: Carlyle, Emerson, Victor Hugo, Tennyson, the Brownings, the Brontës, George Eliot, Dickens, Longfellow, Bulwer, Ruskin, and Thackeray, have made the age an Augustan one indeed.

It was into these turbulent, troublous, vigorous and exuberant years that Paxton Hood was thrown; he was cast upon the stormful tides, he entered into the varying moods, and reflected them all in the restless activities of his own many-coloured and eventful life.

## IN THE PULPIT.

I N reading the sermons of Paxton Hood how conscious we become that they can give at best but a very poor impression of what they were when they thrilled from his lips, when they were accompanied by the quick glance and sympathetic tone and appropriate gesture. Very strikingly and impressively he intimates such a reflection in his own sketch of Thomas Binney. "In nothing," he says, "is death so painfully triumphant as in that he carries away the accent and the smile and the subtle power of soul which runs along the sentences and informs them with something more than themselves and bids them live." There was a marvellous magnetism in his mode. He was master of all your emotions, and could almost *à volonté* provoke your smiles or impel your tears, kindle your loves, subdue your hates, and play upon your passions like a skilful organist upon his instrument.

Paxton Hood was ever impressed with the magnificent mission of the pulpit, its possibilities and responsibilities, its requirements and its rewards; and ever, too, of the duties and destinies of the Church, as a protest against the materialism and the flippancy of a cold and sceptical age. His conception of a "Church" was ever a large one. Well do we remember him in the old St. Martin's Hall, in Long Acre, at one of the Liberation Society's meetings, as he advocated the fetterless freedom of the Church; how he raised the enthusiasm of that crowded audience to a white heat of passionate earnestness, and then, when the storm had in part subsided, how, in a lower key, but in tones that linger even yet more lovingly in our ears, he said: "The Church! what is the Church? The Church is not a building, not an Ecclesiasticism . . . but voices and spirits that touch angels and touch God—that is the Church!"

Here are some earnest words of his upon this serious business of preaching:—"It is an age of intense and vivid mental action; an age of knowledge and thought and induc-

tion; an age in which men have surrendered their habits of primitive faith, and yet demand reasons that shall meet upon the proper region of faith—the world of the emotional and the intuitional. Never before did man so long for ‘the evidence of things not seen,’ and never before did the road to the unseen appear so impassable and steep. It is an age profoundly metaphysic and self-conscious, yet an age in which man is too impatient to examine his consciousness. The men of thought have cast behind them traditional faith and traditional worship. Historical faith, it is seen more clearly than ever, is no saving faith. The base of belief must be, not in our father’s consciousness but in our own. . . . Christian minister, can you do anything for it and with it? If you cannot, you had better leave it alone. Every time you attempt to reply to the infidelity to which you cannot reply, you pour new blood, fresh life into your adversary; your power to meet your sceptical friend depends on your occupancy of a reserved ground of argument and experience—a field he has never entered—a region over which he has never travelled and of which he

did not even know the existence. As long as he only sees you beckoning him to a continent round which he has coasted, he may say, 'I have been there; I found no rest for the sole of my foot there; I know *that* land better than you; I lost myself in its labyrinths and swamps. No! Yonder is not the promised land, and you, I see, cannot guide me to it.' "

The profession of the preacher must be encircled and impelled by quite other conditions than the lawyer's or physician's; the ethics of jurisprudence and the diagnoses of disease may be approached *professionally*, the pulpit is *hors ligne*. To touch men's spirits and quicken men's moral perceptions, to deal with men's *souls*, is the most serious of all businesses with which a man can intermeddle; sorry work will be made of it if his ideal be not a lofty one, if he fail to comprehend, in the quite unconventional acceptation of the word, the dignity of the pulpit.

Men speak in tones of hesitancy of the eternal verities of our *Faith*, or affectedly toy with the treacherous foe that is eating the heart out of it. Men are yearning for an

atmosphere free of the moral miasma of our low valleys of doubt and indistinctness, are struggling to emerge from the dense adumbrations of incertitude, and they are met with a great "*Perhaps*." They are impatient of shifting sand, and, instead of solid rock, they are comforted with an *Hypothesis*. They are conscious of an ever-deepening twilight, and eyes are eager for the "City that hath foundations," unsteady fingers point them along a way that ends too often in the "City of Dreadful Night." Very much of the old faith seems to be undergoing a process of disintegration. Much of its fervour is drifting into decadence, many of its old and cherished forms are sinking into desuetude and death. Everything seems pointing to, and panting for, a readjustment. Iconoclastic hands are raised against many of its treasured traditions. The inductive is replacing very much of the deductive. The scientific method is applied to all details of religion as to all other matters. The air is charged with a new life; new modes of thought and new presentments of truth are demanded. If dogmatic teaching as such is declining, a teaching distinct and authoritative is required.

The era is a transitional one, and men are wanted to meet the exigencies of the situation. Paxton Hood, by the possession of many and varied qualities was one of such.

There are always men coming into our churches, with a very deep sense of life's mystery, with a very real experience of its battle and burden, who are ever looking at life's dark questions through the lens of tears, who are fainting for the comforting word and the strengthening solace of sympathy. What they want is not psychological analysis, metaphysical anatomy, spiritual vivisection, but a strong tonic that shall brace up enfeebled energies and revivify fast fading hopes. Is it not a heartless taunt to meet such with an attenuated edition of the Atomic Theory, with puerile platitudes respecting molecular particles, or mystical reveries upon elective affinities? In such a church there may be something approaching mental plethora, there certainly will be an ever-deepening spiritual atrophy. To meet successfully conditions like these a man is wanted who, amid the fashionable agnosticism that has entered and permeated so much of our modern religious life, is

“not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ”; who can point with unerring finger to a higher and healthier life; can so teach and testify, impel and influence; can lead them through the dark corridors of doubt and diffidence, awakening the living consciousness that the *via lucis* is and ever must be the *via crucis*, that salvation in its deepest and truest sense is ever through the sacrifice and propitiation of the Christ.

Men were wont at times to scan the “Year-Book” to learn at what University the preacher of Offord Road had graduated. He was wont to answer all such supercilious comment by the assertion that it was at Nibley, amidst its poverty and sorrow, its corroding anxieties and dark bereavements, that he passed his “college course.” Scientific divinity, apologetics, exegesis, of necessity enter into the training and life of the theologian; a more encyclopædic knowledge, a nearer relationship to the kaleidoscopic moods and experiences of men, are necessary to the mental and moral equipment of the teacher of religion.

To deny the advantages of academic training in times like these would be to expose one-

self to the well-merited satire of all thoughtful minds ; and yet the question presents itself at times—in this department, that of the vocation of the Christian preacher and teacher,—has a strictly theological training at all times developed the highest type of such ? To meet the needs of the thoughtful men of our churches, does Cheshunt *invariably* exceed in value the training of Lombard Street and Cheapside ? Is not the semi-recluse life of a theological student, admirable in a sacerdotal church like the Roman Catholic, detrimental at times to our Free Church life, in that it cuts off from all practical relationship, *i.e.*, sympathy, with the peculiar trials, temptations, difficulties of those whose lives are spent in more active energies and environments ? Of course, its effect is according to the perceptive or receptive faculty of the subject.

Perhaps the whole range of Paxton Hood's religious teaching may best be summarised in the words of F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, in reference to his own—a most apt and comprehensive characterisation. “ The principles on which I have taught are—First, the establishment of positive truth instead of the negative

destruction of error. Secondly, that truth is made up of two opposite propositions, and not found in a *viâ media* between the two. Thirdly, that spiritual truth is discerned by the spirit instead of intellectually in propositions; and, therefore, truth should be taught suggestively not dogmatically. Fourthly, that belief in the human character of Christ's humanity must be antecedent to belief in His Divine origin. Fifthly, that Christianity, as its teachers should, works from the inward to the outward, and not *vice versâ*. Sixthly, the soul of goodness in things evil."

With very real delight we quote our Preacher on this theme of the method and mission of the pulpit. "The only point of interest we have been able to see in any preacher is his power over mind to rouse and awaken or control it, as the body of any man is interesting only as it is the representative of the spirit within. Who is the most successful minister? What is your standard of success? Who is most capable of meeting spiritual wants and necessities? Who is most fitted to give the aliment and food to train up to mental and moral manhood?

Who is felt to be the most simple yet lofty in his conceptions and his teachings? Who exercises the most durable influence over the faith and the life? This man, wherever he is, is the most successful teacher; his is the most honoured pulpit; he is the most capable instructor. We protest against a stereotyped ministration. Our settled conviction is that the pulpit lags behind the age. The pulpit is too dignified, is too fastidious, is too polite, too pedantic, too nonchalantic. . . . There is too much faith in the intellectual letter, too little in the moral life. There is mighty faith in worn-out and threadbare technicalities. The people of the land are waiting for a Christianity warm from the Cross of Jesus. Such a Christianity will not be in vain in its teachings. But new colleges will not aid it much, for what is needed is not so much intellectual sympathy and training, but moral sympathy, moral discipline; these are the only mighty teachers, these are the unfailing professors. We would inquire of our minister, Have you suffered? Has God made you capable of suffering? Have you had to bear a very weighty cross? In reality, have you

seen Jesus? In reality, have your experiences been deep? No man has any right to preach who has not, in deep, terrible, awful reality known the affirmation of all these questions. No man has any right to preach who has not had the impress of the finger of God and the Cross of Jesus burnt into his soul."

Here is a significant passage from one of his earlier books anent the difference between morning and evening services, which will commend itself especially to those to whom he ministered :—" Morning services have more of gentleness; the audience is smaller, more Christian, and more loving. It is almost a test of a minister's Christian life. Does he find himself more at home preaching morning or evening? The holier heart will love the morning usually the best, for it will address the nobler auditory; in the evening there is more of human passion, more of effort, more of display. John would preach best in the morning, talking to little children; Peter would preach best at night, impulsive, fervid, vehement."

Mr. Hood's sermons were well thought out; had been burnt in upon brain and heart. Some-

times he would read from long and carefully collated notes, but ever the sudden inspiration was the most memorable feature in the sermon, and produced not only the most immediate but the longest-lived results. According to the dictum of Quintillian, Paxton Hood's eloquence was of the highest order, for it was mostly extemporaneous. Stepping aside from all those closely riveted thoughts that had been so cleverly linked together in the study, he would seize upon a fleeting emotion, grasp and enchain a new conception born of the passing circumstance. Well do we remember how one memorable Sunday evening he suddenly wove into the texture of his discourse the scream of a railway engine rushing along at the rear of the chapel. He would seize the lightning of the passing storm, and dash it into his picture. Yes, it is quite true he was interjectional, rhapsodical at moments if you will—all this, but——

He was always more desirous to bring an idea prominently before you and to fix your gaze upon it until you recognised it as *he* recognised it, than to captivate you with its delicate drapery or graceful setting. He was,

too, not so anxious, like Bossuet, to prove religion to you, as, like Fénelon, to make you love it. Speculations *about* God must rise to the loftier platform of faith *in* God. That is a wise word of Joseph Cook, of Boston: "The Seer is the Logician who melts his logic in the fire of his emotion." Paxton Hood was not destitute of logical sequence, of synthesis and syllogism, but to him the logical faculty never so obtruded itself as to remind you of the classified skeleton in a museum of comparative anatomy; it was there, truly there, but covered with symmetrical flesh and polished skin, giving structural form and solidity to the whole.

The age is a composite one, on the one side the inquiring, anxious, earnest souls, perplexed amid the endless jargon of the schools, feeling out with trembling finger in the darkness "if haply they may find out God"; a cultured dilettantism on the other, seeking lucidity in the fitful flare of the *ignis fatuus* or the pale, cold light of moonbeam and starbeam. Traditionalism, with its parchments and its scrolls, hanging the grave-clothes of an effete Faith upon the shoulders of the man who

is struggling to be free; and Sensationalism, with its æsthetics frosting the lattice through which the wearied watcher looks out upon the unseen; and Positivism, with its mathematical rule and compass seeking to solve life's problems without a soul.

Men are hungering and thirsting for something that will meet their deepest needs; and Frederic Harrison, and Matthew Arnold, and Herbert Spencer, and Haeckel, and Rénan offer them their synthetic philosophies, their theosophies and teleologies, their ideologies and sociologies and cosmogonies, their pantheisms and positivisms,—and “the still, sad music of humanity” only deepens to an ever-drearier dirge and minor tone. What men want is not a summer arbour of pretty rose-leaf fancies, but a firm fortress of rock-founded faiths.

We want the man who can insinuate himself into our confidences and affections—one who can interpret the young man's dream and offer some solution to the young man's doubt; one who can enter into the experiences of the old man who has outgrown all his friends and finds it so difficult to form a new relationship;

one who has words that throb in their heartiness for the enthusiasm of young manhood and womanhood—words that thrill in their tenderness for hearts that ache with sorrow and are burdened with care; words of cheer for the despondent, and of comfort for the sad; words that meet the loneliness of some and the super-sensitiveness of others;—who can bring the Cana-joy to the table at the wedding feast, and the beautiful tenderness of Bethany to the dark desolation of the chamber of death.

Unless the preacher and teacher is a “myriad-minded man,” how many of the experiences of his people elude his grasp, and pass quite outside and away from his sympathy and contact? but, should he essay to counsel and direct when unrelated by any identity of experience and impression, it must be with ever-certain failure, or even worse than such. There is a striking passage in that most manly and helpful book, “Yeast,” of Charles Kingsley’s, where Lancelot relates his visit to the vicar, to whom he went, in his doubts and difficulties, for leading and guidance:—  
““I went to him to be comforted and guided.

He received me as a criminal. He told me that my first duty was penitence; that as long as I lived the life I did [the poor fellow's chief delinquency lay in the fact that he was not a member of his Church], he could not dare to cast his pearls before swine by answering my doubts; that I was in a state incapable of appreciating spiritual truths; and, therefore, he had no right to tell me any.' 'And what,' said Argemone, 'did he tell you?' 'Several spiritual lies instead, I thought.'"

Paxton Hood was never impatient of doubt, but devoutly sympathetic with it. He knew too well that to endeavour to dam up the gurgling rivulet that pants toward a wider sea of knowledge is but to force it to overleap its banks, and form a marsh of scepticism and infidelity. The mode of statement of a truth is ever tentative, and here there can be no finality. Fundamental truths are, and must be *perforce*, immutable; the fashion of their vesture is ever changing. Truths are eternal, *formulæ* evolve.

How momentous is the mission and work of the Christian preacher and teacher; and with what a variety of mental, moral, and spiritual

conditions is he brought in contact ! Victims of life's dull monotony and hard exigency, of ever-deferred hope and deepening shadow, of corroding care and depressing doubt. Men and women weary with the wear and worry of the week ; hearts with well-nigh all the hope crushed out, breaking hearts—there are always breaking hearts—and unless there is a very deep tenderness in the tone, and a very earnest and incisive quiver in it too, unless the man throbs with life and palpitates with passion, and is aglow with the sense of the tremendous possibilities before him, he will be powerless to lift a single cloud, to pierce a single gloom. He has but one short hour to plead, inform, impel, with a whole week waiting with its cruel indifference and the stultifying influences of its cold scepticism, its selfish maxims, and its greed of gain, to deaden and efface.

Some men have large stores of mental wealth—a rich harvest of long-accumulated knowledge, gleanings from all fields of literature, crystals and gems from all mines of scientific lore, and yet, somehow, they have lost the key ; the treasures are all carefully locked up, but for all practical purposes they

are only so much priceless lumber. De Quincey says, in one of his most thoughtful essays, that "it is impossible to forget anything." As a metaphysical dictum this may be true and capable of logical proof, and yet there are not infrequent instances of the possessors of so many intellectual acquisitions labouring under a mental plethora, their lore and learning being in very truth an *embarras de richesses*; and although it may be metaphysically correct to say that it is "impossible to forget," they yet may as truly be said to lack the power of remembering. Or if, on some rare occasion, the stores are revealed, and their possessor is tempted to a dispensation of them, the dole is so small that you are painfully reminded of the leathern jack at the postern of St. Cross—*Dole*, and not *largesse*, is the measure of their gift. In the case of Paxton Hood, you were welcome to all he had. He knew just where to lay his finger upon his treasure. He was ever "seeking to communicate," all items of knowledge, "unconsidered trifles," quaint and curious lore, found their niche, their appropriate setting, their practical utility.

In a sense, far removed from its most vulgar

interpretation, Paxton Hood was a popular preacher. Although he could attract an immense following in some of the largest halls and churches in the land, his most enduring work was that which was accomplished in the comparatively small churches at Barnsbury and Brighton. With rare exceptions, it is not the great church, with its luxurious belongings, its undoubted "respectability," its "attractive" service, and its large "collections," that exerts the truest, most beneficent, and most enduring influence. The Old Weigh House, with its rich memorials and sanctified associations, has passed away before the encroachments of our restless civilisation, and Thomas Binney sleeps soundly in Abney Park, but its traditions are a treasured possession, its influence radiates yet. Thomas Lynch ministered to but a meagre audience in that unpretentious little chapel in the Hampstead Road; but the gentle spirit still moves amongst us.

The whole question of popularity is an interesting and a difficult one. There are men to the front to-day, and who have been to the front for long years, who present some of the most difficult of problems, as you ask yourself,

Whence? and Wherefore? Some, doubtless, are living on a reputation of a quarter of a century since, the very *raison d'être* of which has been long forgotten. Some have been borne into their places on the waves of conflicting but fortuitous circumstances. Others by something *bizarre* in manner or *piquant* in tone. Others by a clever knack of keeping themselves continually *en evidence*. There are not wanting men in our larger churches whose notoriety arises mainly from the fact that they *are* in the larger churches. Some because of their political proclivities—men who provoke applause upon the party platform, and never impel an impulse in a prayer-meeting. Some whose diction is faultless, but who were never known to kindle a spiritual emotion in any human soul; men far more concerned with the graces of style and the niceties of language than the yearnings of burdened hearts, the aspirations of contrite spirits. The story of their ministry is one long success, minus the conversion of sinners—wealthy audiences, æsthetic ornamentation, attractive architecture, scientific music; but the experience of a contrite heart seeking leading over the

threshold into "the peace that passeth understanding" would be a startling and a perplexing one.

In all such organisations claiming to be centres of spiritual activity, the great desideratum must surely be a trembling sensibility, linking itself instinctively to the burdens and disappointments, the doubts and despondencies, of aching hearts; a grand capacity for sympathy; an insight so clear that it can point with unerring finger the way from the soul's restlessness to rest; a love so compelling that its highest aspiration is to lead the sinner to the Saviour; a voice that has tears in it, and yet so enthusiastic and assuring that it can quicken into courage the despairing, and say with a Christ-like power to the winds and waves of fear and fainting, "Peace, be still!" Oh! rare and beautiful faculty, that of inspiring languid purpose, setting in motion noble impulse, flushing the brow with an unwonted enthusiasm, enkindling the heart with a strange fire. Paxton Hood could do *that*.

We remember once, long years ago, listening to him one Sunday evening in St. James's

Hall. He was preaching on "The Deceitfulness of the Human Heart," and had been showing how the Bible, from which his text had been chosen, and the Sunday paper, that perhaps many had been reading, were both telling the same story. He was illustrating his point by a very racy, and very pertinent personal experience, when a Frenchman sitting by our side, and who had but a very imperfect knowledge of English, raised himself from his seat as the points in the story were passed, rising to his feet, and finally standing on the seat, till at the climax he could restrain himself no longer, but clapping his hands, exclaimed, "Bravo ! bravo !" So much for the dramatic setting, and for the aptness of the application. There was rare wisdom in the advice once given to a student by Wendell Phillips, "Remember to talk *up* to your audience and not *down* to it. The commonest audience can relish the best thing you can say, if you know how to say it."

You may predicate with tolerable certainty of the preachers of talent—you may prophesy with an almost assured fulfilment the several heights to which they will attain, the depths

to which they will delve and dive, of the whole complexion and compass of their thought; but of men of Paxton Hood's fibre, all such mental and moral measurement was out of the question. His moods were many-sided, his methods would startle you sometimes; but they were *his* methods, and you came to see that no other form or fashion would so appropriately clothe and reveal the inspiration and the thought.

Yet was there ever that indefinable air of refinement which the most cultured taste could approve and appreciate thrown around all his pulpit ministrations. There were no *ad captandum* ravings thrown out as baits for a specious popularity; no vulgar eccentricity of style and speech; no inane ravings or sensational harangues to "split the ears of the groundlings" and earn a cheap and ephemeral notoriety. He was a popular preacher in the best and highest of senses, and although he never failed to attract numerous and sympathetic audiences, they were always largely recruited from the ranks of the cultured; there was always a goodly contingent of those square heads you were wont to discover at

the Weigh House, at Hampstead Road, or Holloway. His sermons—or shall we call them his meditations?—were rich arabesques, tinged and toned with delicate colouring and graceful ornament ; soft, subdued pictures, prismatic splendours ; poem, apologue, parable, proverb, metaphor, personal reminiscence and experience, sarcasm, invective, epigram, idiomatic force, fire, pathos, all pressed into the service. He was the interpreter of the great mind,—lives of the men and women who have moulded and modulated the tone of the times. He met your every mental and moral mood. His illustrations, with which he was wont to enforce and accentuate his teaching, were gleaned in the world of Nature and the world of books. He had looked long and often into Nature's wondrous heart, and listened to the infinite variety of its pulsings ; he had looked, too, into the throbbing heart of man ; and so it came to pass that all his words were invested with the highest of all pulpit value—suggestiveness. Well said *The Freeman*, in reviewing his first published volume of sermons :—" There is enough in it to set up half-a-dozen ordinary preachers ; " and *The Nonconformist* :—" Few

volumes of sermons that come to our hands are the product of so much mental energy and glowing feeling." All writers and leaders of thought, poetry, philosophy, fiction, were recognised and arrested—Carlyle, Emerson, Strauss, Rénan, Jean Paul Richter, Plato, Aristotle, Theodore Parker, Chunder Sen, Novalis, Spinoza, Schiller, Schelling, Swedenborg, Helmholtz, Haeckel, Lotze, Lessing, Jacob Böhmen, Descartes, Darwin, Tyndal, Huxley, Dugald Stewart, Stuart Mill, Goethe, Robert Browning, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Tennyson, Shelley, Ruskin, Robertson, Fichte, Kant, Comte, Hégel, George Eliot, Thackeray, Shakespeare—their words and teaching were all fused in the alembic of our preacher's brain, and transmuted for the work of the place and the hour.

He seemed to drink in Nature; he sympathised with her every mood and passion; his very voice betrayed his intimacy with her, and was often the clear echo of her tone. Sometimes there was a plaintive moan in it, like the sighing of the night-wind in a forest of pines; sometimes it had the mournful surge and swell of the sea in it; and sometimes it

went lilting up to the heavens like the carol of the lark. He was a true artist in words. Some of his pictures were like the broad canvases of Velasquez or Paul de la Roche, others like the illuminated initials of an old missal, deftly wrought by the delicate fingers of a reverent monk.

He appropriated the thought-life of all the master minds with which he communed, and for whom he had so warm an enthusiasm, whether they appealed to him through the medium of the spoken or the written word. He appropriated—of course he did!—but he gave the gem a new setting. There was transfusion in the transmigration, and often the simple garnet which he culled from its original casket blazed out a ruby in its new relationship. The gift of idealisation is sometimes equal to the genius of a new creation. The “Madonna” of Raffaele was only a glorified *Contadina* from the suburbs of Rome.

He was ever abreast of the current literature and thought of the day, and ever ready to seize and transfix all matters of passing interest. When Holman Hunt’s great picture,

“The Finding of Christ in the Temple,” first struck the popular fancy, and compelled attention by its lofty aim and purpose, he turned it into a sermon, with the text, “Wist ye not that I must be about My Father’s business?” A few days after the burial of Humboldt, at Berlin, came that striking sermon entitled, “Cosmos.” The death of his revered friend, Benjamin Parsons, called forth “The Burning and the Shining Light,” and that of Havelock the sermon, “Ehrenbreitstein : or, the Broad Stone of Honour.”

When that long nightmare reign of “*Napoléon le Petit*,” that begun in the *Coup d’Etat* of 1851, had received its rude awakening, when the great fifth act of the tragi-comedy had been played, that act which had opened at Saarbrück and closed at Sedan, he thought that the pulpit might not inappropriately have something pertinent to the occasion to say, and that stirring sermon was preached at Hare Court, Canonbury, and afterwards published under the title of “*King Bramble*,” and having for its text the parable of Jotham. And when Gustave Doré’s immense accomplishment, “Christ Leaving the Pretorium,”

took all London by storm, he preached a sermon on it, and which, for a long time, was used at the gallery in Bond Street as a kind of guide or companion to the picture. *A propos* of this sermon, it may not be inappropriate here to insert a translation of the generous letter it called forth from the eloquent pen of the great French artist :—

“*Friday, September 5th, 1873.*

“DEAR SIR,—I have just received some printed copies of the sermon that you have done me the honour to deliver on the subject of my picture of ‘Jesus Leaving the Pretorium.’ I hasten to tell you, Sir, how grateful and flattered I am by such an act, and I regret not being in London at this moment the better to express to you personally my thanks for your most kind and obliging words. Be good enough to believe, dear Sir, that, looking back to the hours of success which have been given me in the course of my career, I have never felt so honoured and proud as in learning that my name had been pronounced in a religious place and before a Christian assembly, and I have never found a satisfaction more

tender and true, or an encouragement more high and powerful.

“(Signed) GU. DORE.”

Surely none who heard them as they were delivered years ago, at Offord Road, will forget those thoughtful Sunday evening discourses on “The Seven Lamps of the Christian Church,” suggested by John Ruskin’s “Seven Lamps of Architecture.” How remarkable were some of the texts he selected, and then, as Dr. John Young said of him (and he was one of his most frequent hearers at Offord Road): “He never said what you expected to hear said on any text.”

The man was *sui generis*. His sermons had a method and an *accent* that were unique. They were so utterly unlike any others, so healthy in imagination, so gleaming with fancy, such bright coruscations and scintillations of thought and poesy; how they linger in our memory, thrilling, palpitating, throbbing, even now, with life and impetus and fire! In his mind-life there was very much that was in common with Thomas Binney and Thomas Lynch, with Baldwin Brown and Alfred Morris and John Pulsford—yet still unlike; and then his prayers were Paxton Hoodish—

and what prayers! Oh! those quiet Sabbath evenings at Offord Road! the holy hush that brooded there; the service of song; the very mode of reading out the hymns giving them new shapes and forms, new inspirations and music. But especially the prayers—prayers that above all others, not even excepting those of dear John Pulsford himself—met our conceptions of what prayer really is and ought to be. The benediction with which he invariably closed up the day's service was very comprehensive and beautiful: "May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be on, and in, and with us all—in the *perfect peace* which passeth all understanding, in the *love* which is unspeakable and full of glory, and in the *joy* of the Holy Ghost, through the might, and mercy, and merit of Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen and Amen."

Bishop Hall says somewhere, "That sermon goes surest *to* the heart that comes *from* the heart." Apart altogether from all considerations of method and manner, limitless stores of knowledge, spontaneity of word and thought, graces of rhetoric and elocutionary

skill, there was ever an *accent* about our preacher, a personality so marked, an individuality so sharp and distinct, that gave to all his words a force and fascination that were unique. Here was a *living man*, “burdened” as the old prophets had it, with the weight and magnificence of his message. “A skeleton,” he says, “may bear a torch, but it cannot inflate a trumpet with the breath of life ; life is needed to rouse by the thrilling tone the pulsations of life in others ; *they* make preachers of power usually who inflate the trumpet by their own experience.”

Here are some sentences that live in our memories, to stimulate, suggest, console :—

“*Sorrow is work*, for what so strengthens character as sorrow ? and what so discriminates character into its primal elements as sorrow ? Sorrow is the rain which descends to the very roots of our being. Sorrow has an influence on the heart like that of the atmospheric action on the hard rocks and hills ; it loosens, it softens, it disintegrates, it levels ; and from the mould it makes the flowers and the fruits of the heart, as the flowers and fruits of the earth, spread their bloom.”

“Death is the great consecrator. Oh ! the dead—the dead ; how beautiful they are ! How reverently we mention *their* names ! ”

“The grateful soul is the sunshine of any home, and the ungrateful soul is its east wind.”

“We no longer can be satisfied with, ‘It is written ; ’ we must further say, ‘It is felt.’ ”

“Sympathy is relationship.”

“The education of our sympathies is the assurance of our immortal being and destiny ; true sorrow gives birth to true sympathy. Many are the avenues and the channels along which our sympathies may flow ; but we may be sure of this—until our feelings flow out of themselves, they are never truly ours.”

“How divine is work : to draw the silken thread of spirit through the hard needle of difficulty.”

“Christ took up the *emotions* of Nicodemus rather than his words. He saw the really anxious inquirer behind that studied and placid countenance of scholastic indifference.”

“A child’s idea and thought of God is the purest and only truthful anthropomorphism. Very different are the impertinences of philo-

sophy, dictating to me how and in what manner I must conceive or not conceive of God."

"Contentment does not stand on the platform of an *If*, and make stipulations when certain things shall be attained. No; it is a delightful dwelling in the Valley of Humiliation, and 'counting it all joy'—sojourning in the 'strange country,' and counting it to be a 'land of promise.' "

Taking Poe's "Raven" as a theme, he said:—"Ravens always hang their black wings over lazy souls. If you want to scare a raven, do your work; pour your soul energetically into work. If you think, let thought flow out into action. . . . Do not use thought merely as opium—the musing, dreaming, stultifying opium of the soul. They are not worth a thought; your Goethes, your Mephistophelian, dreaming men, your men with a hard heart, and a cold, callous grey eye, that looks into humanity, and into nature, and into eternity, and into a woman's eye, and into a man's heart, and sees no faith, I abominate."

"Opinion is not religion. Your religion is in your emotions—not in your opinions. So

long as your religion is an attempt to frame a creed, or to get right in your body of divinity, you must be unhappy."

"Metaphysics, logic, and mathematics are like three blind brothers running hand in hand through the world, feeling their way, and mistaking the touch of the finger for the demonstration of the eye; they all need the beautiful sister called Faith to open their real vision."

"Nervousness is a term used to describe the fine sheathing of the soul; nervousness is man's capacity for mental and moral suffering."

The sermon on "The New Consciousness" opens with some startling, but nevertheless some very true words:—

"The infatuation of knowledge is the curse of life; to know, the desire to know, unsettles life. We honour the knower, the man who has eaten most of the sad fruit of the tree of knowledge of good and evil; this is the man society honours! Yet what is most of our knowledge? Think of a man in a churchyard spelling out the inscriptions on the stones—a clever archæologist; why, you would not say this added much to his worth of attain-

ment, because he was able cleverly to decipher the inscriptions. Yet the world is a vast, wide churchyard, and what we call knowledge is much such a reading of inscriptions."

Very tender and touching are these words in the "Songs of the Samaritans":—

"Surely all Samaritans are neither holy nor grateful; but oh, saintly people, if you could hear, as God hears, the hymns of praise that ascend from the cells of workhouses and infirmaries; from the stone walls of prisons; from the hearts of Magdalenes; from the dark backstreets and alleys, where fine ladies would never soil their satin by condescending to breathe; from men who have been criminal and women who have been vicious—if you could hear all these Samaritan hymns rising from the heart of this great metropolis, it would deepen and widen your perception of the Divine mercy and goodness."

What a far-reaching thought is embodied in those opening sentences of the sermon on "The Sanctity of Touch":—

"Touch is the key to all the senses. Touch is the principle of all the senses. Perhaps,

also, I shall be right if I say that it is the most subtle of all the senses. There is no sensation without touch ; sight is touch ; fragrance is touch ; we give that name to what is the sense of resistance ; but all things are known to us and are related to us by touch. Touch is the internal, sensitive principle, it is the principle of communication and of reception and of translation. We are told that particles are constantly floating off to touch the sensitive body, to bid the door of sensation spring open ; and I think you must have felt that while those avenues are touched by their proper affinities, there are other senses within which are not touched, and never awakened, but which might own and yield to the appropriate key."

And how peaceful is this close to his sermon on "The Spectre's Question," in the Book of Job :—

"Spectre, we will not call thee ! We will even choose to walk by faith and not by sight. . . . We will bend over the sacred pages of Moses and the Prophets till, by walking in *love*, we shall walk in *light* ; till, from the fellowship of the saints below, we rise to the fellowship of

the just made perfect above ; and from the mists of earth we rise to enter into the joy of the Lord. Oh, ye dead ! oh, ye dead ! oh, ye happy dead ! We cannot touch the veil that curtains your dreadfully beautiful abodes ; we resign ourselves to your absence for a season, till we ‘ see you walking in your air of glory,’ and drink it in as our native atmosphere too.”

And here, too, is a comforting word from the sermon on the text, and again from Job, “ Why is light given to a man whose way is hid ? ” :—

“ Art thou the man whose way is hid ? and does it seem to thee thy ‘ way is hid from the Lord ? ’ But is not this because God is our last and highest end ? He hides himself, even as we read that ‘ Jesus departed and did hide Himself from them.’ But God never fails us, never will. The revelation of His glory and His grace grows upon us. All else fails us but He ! Youth passes ; its romance and the crowds we loved drift away from us ; they have not been unfaithful to us ; they obeyed a law of life and exemplified a world-wide experience ; the pressure of life parted us. Their middle life, the grand period of cruel mis-

understandings, when suspicions and circumventions abound around us and in us; a succession of acquaintanceships and numberless friendships; then the solitary haven of old age. And then we see that God has outlived and outlasted all; the Friend never doubtful, the Acquaintance who loved us better, so it almost seemed, the more evil He knew of us. He has been faithful and true. We said, He hides Himself; and so, indeed, He did, but *the hiding was a revealing.*”

Here is another exquisite passage, which we transcribe from his sermon on “Action and Grief”:—

“The great lesson our Lord intended to preach was even this: life is not a complaint, but an action; it is not to be spent in grieving, but in doing. What a tendency there is to walk with the dead!—dead hours, dead friends, dead scenes!—to live in the past, to roam through the churchyards and among the tombs of life. In the human heart are two vaults. There are two wine-cups at the sacrament of life—one is filled with the black wine of memory, and utterly drugged with rosemary and rue, and the other with the red

wine of hope. Mix them, and they mingle almost the whole emotions of life. In fact, the times spent with memory seem the most profitless ; the truth is, all that memory could do for us is done in the passing deed. Life is in action, in following more than in musing. The music of the harp is beautiful ; but that has not served the world so well as the music of the hammer, and even all poetry is action—all true poetry is. Some poets rend the heavens with a great grief ; some unlock the heavens by a great hope. They smile upon the coffins of the dead, and so cleave the hearts of the living—it is all action, it is feeling ; but feeling shaking its robes from churchyard dust, and passing through the lych gate again into the busy pathway ; not forgetting the churchyard, but feeling most sacredly in the heart that *the dead are not there*. “ *The past should not be a tombstone, but a garden—a place in which we bury so that the buried may bloom.* “ Thus your life is in to-day—useless the mourning and grieving over the impossible and the unattainable. Follow Me ! There is the catholicon for all sorrow if you can drink it.”

Here is another, extracted from one of his earliest sermons at Offord Road, and entitled "Meditations in a New Church":—

"Beautiful is the season of awakening nature and spring—beautiful is the dawning day of summer; there is new life in the garden, the forest, and the field—beautiful! The hard reign of the winter is over, the birds have come back to us, the flowers appear on the earth—Nature is awake again, is alive again, after her long sleep; the morning and the evening twilights are sacred to all sacred thoughts. Spring is here, in a tree in this gloomy London, behind my house, the green and the gold vie with each other when the sunbeams strike their bright arrows among the boughs. I think I heard the nightingale's shrill service of song strike up like a holy flake of music from nature's breast, from whence also we have heard many songs. Oh, how the heart rejoices in the spring; can the time ever come when I can be indifferent to its return? to see the clouds, the cold eastern clouds, sail away, the season of the sharp and biting wind, and the icy breath! In the May boughs, in the lengthening twilight, in the note of the bird,

in the gentle dew, in the fragrance of the flowers, in the echoing woods and hills, choral with the ring of waterfalls and rivulets rushing on their way, there is the glad voice—spring is here! Nature has been in her coffin long enough; God has touched the bier, and said, ‘Damsel, I say unto thee, arise!’ and she that was dead has heard the voice, and has come forth. The heart acknowledges the sway of the new life; so ever life lies deeper than death; the grave of death is only the urn, the sacred depository of life.”

Here is still another we cannot refrain from transcribing:—

“When we have touched Christ with the trembling, fearful fingers of faith, then we reach afterward to a higher state, and touch Him with the hallowed hands of holy love—touch Him, first, to be healed by Him, then you shall touch Him by-and-by to crown and consecrate Him. Even as the Gospels give to us three histories of the anointings of Christ:—there was the anointing of *Contrition*, when that poor woman fell prone on the marble floor, and anointed His feet with her tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head; she could not

rise to look upon Him, she could only show her tenderness in her tears, and those shed from the lowliest abasement; there was the anointing of *Devotion*—and contrition will rise to devotion—when the alabaster box of precious ointment was shed upon the head of the Saviour, and the sacred fragrance filled the room; still humble, still desiring to touch Him, not only to show our contrition, but to prepare His crown—their devotion rises to *Affection*, and with Joseph anoints the whole body of the Saviour—loves all His body and all His work—touches Him in sacred musings, in hallowed holy meditations, and every hour finds something to love and to embalm.”

There are some most suggestive words in that sermon on “Thomas”—words most pertinent to very much of our modern Church attitude towards the Samaritans:—

“Thomas is a sceptic, a doubter in the school of the Apostles; and how like it is to the simplicity of the Scripture narratives, to place such a record in such a place as the history of his doubts. Little sympathy the doubter has had from the Church. No! The usual course has been summarily to expel and excom-

municate such. I am afraid we have almost lost our hold and influence over the doubters. Let the dogmatic theologian learn from the Lord how to treat the delinquencies of heresy."

Not infrequently the pathetic passage all tremulous with tears is followed by some quaint word or epigrammatic utterance that is very startling, as for instance, in that tenderly beautiful sermon on "The Sanctity of Touch," when describing the Syrophœnician woman pressing through the crowd to *touch* the hem of Christ's garment. "She had sought," he says, "help from many physicians; but the story seems to intimate, with a quaint *naïveté*, that physicians then, like physicians now, were more remarkable for what they cost than what they cured. . . . She had spent her last penny—all that she had—and all in vain: *rather the worse!* She had received as much good from it all as a man in a condemned cell would receive from a body of theology—*rather the worse!*"

Or, again:—"Men are constantly seeking to change their conditions; in fact, are desiring to live anywhere rather than at home. . . .

I find that when I leave home I am compelled to take with me one who has kept me company now many a long year—myself. I have often thought it would be very pleasant to go somewhere without myself. I have brought the same individuality with me I had before I started; I could not shake that off. Ah! what a new sensation that would be! and whenever we sigh after those strange and bright places, that is what we desire—a new sensation. Internal satisfaction will make happiness anywhere, and internal disquiet can find happiness nowhere.”

What a marvellous sermon is that on “God’s Terrible Things.” Here is a vivid word - picture we remember listening to:—“I remember, years since, visiting, one bright, mocking day, a village on the coast, near the scene of the horrible tragedy of Hartley—you come to it as you walk along that fine coast from Tynemouth—a quiet little village called Cullercoats. The broad sea lay in her bewitching and entrancing beauty. You went down to the village as to a bay; but as I walked along among its houses—there were no streets—every house was mourning.

I forget how many boats had been lost in the wild tempest a night or two since ; there was a sob of agony in every house. A mother, with a babe in her arms, weeping over the brave young husband ; the daughter weeping over the grey hair of the aged fisherman. I saw them,

The women weeping and rending their hair  
For those who would never come back to the town.

I did not think of Paley's selfish aphorism, 'It's a happy world after all,' just then, although the sea was bright, and birds were sailing pensively overhead ; rather should I have said, '*By terrible things dost Thou answer us, O God.*' Natural theology has little to say in reply to such scenes as these."

Here is a plain, outspoken utterance upon the value of natural theology :—"On the whole I do not thank Nature for her consolations. I have tried them ; they end in turning me into a Stoic or a stone. I have interrogated Nature ; I see how much she will give me. Go to a weeping widow, or husband, by the side of the dreadful coffin, and carry your volume of natural theology ! Go to the poor in the workhouse and talk natural theology ! Go to

a cottage in a famine and talk natural theology ! Read a lecture on natural theology on a battle-field ! Why, it is one of those terrible pieces of cold-stone mockery that would drive a brave heart deaf—dumb—frantic—mad ! *Beautiful ! beautiful !* Read some pages of Seneca, or Boetius, or Paley when your house is in flames—your wife dying—your only boy lying dead ! ”

Or this, from that thoughtful meditation on “ God’s Terrible Things ” :—“ Why, what a life of fear our life is altogether. The father comes home from a long journey ; he has been warming his heart with thoughts about his little son—he has a treasury of toys for his little son ; and as he jumps from the cab his wife meets him at the door, and says, ‘ I am so glad you have come, baby is dying, he cannot live long ; ’ and by-and-by you see the strong, hard man overwhelmed, and burying his face in the little coffin. Why, all this is very common ; and thus we walk in perpetual panic, until we rise out of our fears into the thought of God’s infinite and all-embracing love. Till then we are delivered from fear to fear. And thus the world is full of *terrible* things.”

We fain would linger. We read again and

again, and still we say: "This man met *our* experiences as never man met them before." Every encounter and circumstance of the week seemed pressed into the Sunday service; every field walk and riverside ramble yielded a wealth of parable and illustration with which to enforce his teaching. Men and books and ivied ruin, poem and picture, suggested thought and metaphor to stimulate and help. Here are one or two examples culled from notebook or printed page:—"The other day I went over an old house, built four hundred years since, among the wolds in Wiltshire. It was one of those great wilderness mansions our ancestors were wont to rear. I went through chambers on chambers—sixty-four. I went through the long gallery, where the portraits of dead beauties and iron soldiers, now all dust, looked down from the walls. I went through the armoury, where coats of mail, and swords, and halberts, and buff jerkins, and helmets, and drinking-jacks of other ages seemed strangely to meet together; and I will tell you what most impressed me, and what most abidingly lingers on my spirit now. I stepped up stairways that, in the dark night, had been splashed

with a suicide's blood; and I went into a chamber where the ghosts of a murder committed three hundred years since still freeze the spirit. I lifted the ancient arras and tapestry, and walked through the old chapel, and at last, after wending my way through a wilderness of oak panels, and by secret chambers and ancient carvings, I was permitted to enter the bedchamber of the master and mistress of this vast old hall. And, splendid as the room was, with all the mystery and the pomp and impressiveness of the ancient day, and all the conveniences of the modern, something struck me more than all. Simply worked on cardboard, so plain that the eye could easily see it, so fixed over the mantelshelf that the last ray of the night-lamp shone upon it, and the first sunbeam stealing in from the old park, with its gnarled and antlered tenants, illuminated it, there was the inscription, '*Bear ye one another's burdens.*' That text, in that wild, weird old hall, was like a wall-flower casting its scent out of the rents of a ruin, or a lily twined amidst old armour, so appropriately it seemed to shine with a ray over the room. I could not but feel some movements

in me of reverent affection to the gentle fingers that had wrought so great, so sweet a motto to place it there."

Here is another:—"I shall never forget when I visited the ruins of the house of Lady Jane Grey at Bradgate, in Leicestershire, and saw the whole floor of the room in which she sat covered with snow-drops. How sweetly significant it seemed of her gentleness, beauty, grace, and piety! and they growing there in the ruins from age to age! Nor less suggestive, but conveying quite another lesson, when I visited Colchester Castle, and climbed its vast, grey, antique fortifications, to find it fringed all round with wall-flowers—like a very flower of repentance, wafting its scent through the torn clefts and pinnacles of pride!"

Here is another picture, drawn from travel and personal experience:—"I went into a German church in one of the old quaint cities of the Middle Ages, as twilight-time was falling over the old building, to hear an organ. The building was dark as I entered it, for only a single candle struggled with the gloom that possessed the aisles and

nave, the columns and arches and old monuments, and made all things weird and spectral. Some hundred people sat there, and the strange thing began its wonderful work of sound, calling up all the faculties from their chambers—the watchmen of the soul—from their citadels and cells. How it groaned through the old building! How those wonderful sounds throbbed against the pillars, and shook them, and rumbled along beneath our feet, and travelled thrillingly and palpitatingly overhead among the arches. You know what an organ can do; how it can sigh, and start, and storm, and rage; and how it can madden, and how it can soothe. And then, when the wonderful creature I was listening to had poured out these preludes of its power, it began to utter some marvellous delirium of music, I think Mendelssohn's *Walpurgis Night*; it imposed on the imagination the whole scenery of a wild tempest—a storm of Nature among heaths and mountains! the thunder rolled near and far among the crags! the rain hissed in the wind, the flash of the lightning went by you! the storm possessed—it overwhelmed you! the blasts of the tempest, and the bolts of the

thunder, were like giant spirits striving together in night and solitude ; while fear, and terror, and awe, and horror, held revelry and carnival. And then, I will tell you what came—I had never heard it before—I thought it was a human voice. Amidst the hurricane on the organ it rose so clear, so calm, so ineffably restful and light, so high over the surges and the wailing of the rain, the thunder and the wind. It was the *vox humana* stop—that wondrous simulation—the *human voice* stop—the mightiest marvel of all the artifices of music ; the storm continued, but still it sung on, and rose on the wings of light and sound, over all the hurricanes that hurried from the pipes and the keys. Then I thought of the one Human Voice stop in time, and said : ‘ Why do the heathen rage, and the people imagine a vain thing ? ’ ‘ *The heathen raged, the kingdoms were moved ; HE UTTERED HIS VOICE ; the earth melted.* ’ Amidst the crash of kingdoms, thrones, peoples and opinions ; amidst panics, and horrors, and fears, and travails, *one voice*, and only one, has been heard—ONE human voice, able to sway all storms, to pierce and sing in the heavens, high above those lower

regions where the tempests have their home. It is '*He that sitteth upon the circle of the earth,*' Who hath spoken to us by His Son, the voice including every human chord. '*In the world ye shall have tribulation, but in Me ye shall have peace.*' '*Come unto Me, and I will give you rest.*' "

Another example of vivid word-painting as well as of aptness of illustration, is the opening of his sermon on *The Fatherhood of God*:—"On the great Northern sea, while I was passing from Gottenburg to Christiania, as the night came down over the dark waves—its wild solitary fiords and islands breaking the monotony of the vast seas, with their two or three dreary huts, their lone villages, or even the church, which seemed to startle and add to the desolation of the scene—in the wildness of that vast and awful sea, for many miles I had seen, flaring out over the black billows, on the right hand, a red light—so far it flamed. I watched long its friendly and revolving fires. I said at last to one of the Danish sailors, 'What is the name of that light yonder?' 'THE PATER NOSTER SHENE!' he said. I actually started with delight at

his reply, for you know what that meant—*Our Father's beautiful light!* A glorious name for a lighthouse! There it stood on a lone island, in the midst of the moaning, leaden-coloured, melancholy main—the *Pater Noster Shene*. Exactly a week afterwards, I passed over those seas again in the night; but it was not, as before, over a tranquil sea. The billows plunged and roared; in the deep night the tolling thunder followed the beckoning fingers of the white, blue, and red lightning round the whole horizon. The rain rushed down in a deluge, the wind lashed and whistled through the shrouds and the sails; it swept away the standard compass from our deck into the sea. We fled along on the vans of the wave and the wind; but *there*, still calmly over the stormy billows, as over the gentle evening wave, shone out *the Pater Noster Shene*—the same lustrous light to guide, to assure, to strengthen! We did not see the hand which trimmed the flame; we only saw the light. *It* was there, the same itself as over the calm, shimmering, moonlit sea; it illuminated and dispelled the worst terrors of the storm; it delivered us from the power of darkness—the lighthouse of *the Pater*

*Noster Shene!* Was it possible to see it and not to think of the teaching of the Divine Word, '*We are the offspring of God?*' God is the light of the spiritual world—cf the natural also. We seem to prove His existence by the discovery that *without Him all returns to darkness*. Oh rare, and high, and glorious truth! Truth for the hour of gladness and the season of gloom; for the time of the soft twilight of peace and the night of storm. *The Pater Noster Shene*—our Father's beautiful light! We are His offspring!"

How you were startled sometimes by the quite unexpected turns of thought that seemed to flash out from his quiet meditations! As when, in preaching from the words, "For ye are dead, and your life is hid with Christ in God," he says, "All death is only spirit yielding itself up to superior attractions—the body unable to hold out any longer against the strong grasp of the spirit-world; and is not this opposition of the earth-nature and the spirit-nature the cause of all disease?"

In quite another mood is the following—exquisite in its tender simplicity—it is from his sermon on "PROGRESS, THE LAW OF THE CHRIS-

TIAN LIFE ” :—“ The boy likes not to think of the time when he was a child ; but the old man does. The boy is too near to it, and he does not see the simplicity contained in it. Yes ! a strange sight it is for the memory of the father to turn back upon, as he walks to chapel with that fine young man—and to remember the little toddling boy crowing in his mother’s arms, or running along the garden walk to meet him, or to think of the days when, returning from school, rejoicing in the happy fellowship of the family—don’t be offended, young man, if you are here with your father ; it does your heart good to shed some tears round the grave of your youth. Ah ! my friends, strange, is it not, to think of that, to look on the young man by your side and to see what ‘ *going from strength to strength* ’ comes to at last ? ”

Or again, from the same meditation :—  
“ Ah ! how wonderful, too, it is to notice the amazing resources of weakness : have we not entered the room where the poor consumptive girl—hectic with that false and dreadful beauty lightening over the cheeks—awakened our wonder, to find *that* weakness sometimes more than a match for our strength ? Have we not found

an experience, and a fortitude beyond our reach? And when we vainly essayed to console, we found ourselves clasped in the arms of a consolation, rising like a heaven over, and round, the broken wing of our despair. *Dying yet 'going from strength to strength.'*”

He was a master of parable, and, in very truth, can there be any real teaching that is not in its very essence parabolic? All language, what is it but symbolism? All Art is parable. Music and song, painting and sculpture, and carving and architecture, what are they all but symbolic sermons, preaching the highest and deepest of truths? In the adolescence of the nation as in the infancy of the man, this is the only possible presentment of truth, if it is to be effective, if it is to convey ideas that are to be comprehensible to the understanding, and are by and by to mould and educate character. “One illustration,” he remarked on one occasion, “is worth a thousand abstractions.” His word-pictures throbbed with life. You heard the clang and clash of arms, the tramp of feet, the clarion call to combat, the victor’s ringing song; or there came to you the softened strains of the

*angelus* borne across the waves ; or you heard the minster melody as it floated along the dusky aisle ; you saw the white-robed chorister, the curling column of purple smoke that rose from swinging thurible—they were living pictures that his deft fingers drew.

Here are a few of his parables and allegories—teaching by picture and anecdote :—  
“In my pocket edition of ‘Pilgrim’s Progress,’ by Bunyan, junior (which, by-the-bye, has never been printed), I find that the last hill in the chain of the Delectable Mountains to which Christian was led, was that called Mount Evidence ; from whence there was so clear a sight of the Celestial City, that on fine days it could be seen without glasses. Now, I saw, while they were standing on Mount Evidence, the shepherds bade them look over, which, when the pilgrims did, they saw three other hills beneath them. Then the pilgrims inquired what they were, and the shepherds told them they were called Mount Prophecy, Mount Miracle, and Mount History, and that many persons came over them by Mount Error, and so arrived safely on Mount Evidence at last. Furthermore, the shepherds said that

many of those persons whom they saw on Mount Prophecy and Mount History would never reach Mount Evidence, but that, when the fogs came on, they would be dashed to pieces amongst the caves of Mount Error. Yes, you may see and not believe. ‘It is with the heart man believeth unto righteousness.’”

Here is another of his allegories:—“Once, in my night visions, I beheld, and lo! I stood before a vast stone church; I thought that the petrifying waters of time and the rolling ages had turned all the mighty temple of the praises and faith of the human heart into stone. I entered; it was very vast and mighty, but cold—how cold. Methought I paced to and fro its aisles, the only live being in it, for it seemed to me that all its occupants were frozen into stone. The pulpit was stone, the minister was stone, and at its stony altar a stony priest conducted the mummery of a stony service. I thought I heard, as it were, the muttered chant of prayers, but as they ascended they froze and turned to solid frost and hung in icicles on the roof and corbel of the place; it was all stone. Then methought I saw, as it were, a dove brood over

the place, and I heard voices saying : ‘ Come from the four winds, oh breath, and breathe on these stones.’ And lo ! I saw the stones alive, stones no more, but souls. And the seats became tenanted with life, and the pulpit with life, and the altar and priest became alive. And, still more strange, the icicles on the roof and corbel became sympathies, and the roof melted, and in its place behold living beings. Old things had passed away, and, instead of the cold stone tabernacle, I stood in ‘ *the general assembly and church of the first born whose names are written in heaven,*’ and I beheld Mount Sion thronged with *the spirits of just men made perfect.*’ ”

Here is another :—“ The senses of man, which many denominate his reason, are like the walls of a stone turret ; man locked up to his reason is like a bird in that stony room ; there is a window, but the blind is down. ‘ Faith, sweet child, draw up the blind, and let us look out ; draw up the window, and we can fly away.’ Faith draws up the blind, and Death, beautiful Death ! draws up the window and lets out the Bird.”

Or, to quote again from “ John Bunyan,

jun.” :—“ There was one room at the Interpreter’s House into which, when Christian went, he beheld only a beautiful lily, with its rich green mantling leaf, and its chaste white flower, which, when Pilgrim beheld, he said : ‘ What means this ? ’ Then said Mr. Interpreter : ‘ Thou art always to consider this, for in it thou art to see what thou hast been, and what God will have thee to be ; like that lily thou hast been taken out of the earth, and what beauty and excellence thou hast is not thine but thy Master’s ; and as that lily thou dost there behold drinks the water from her cup, and receives, without a question, her Master’s goodness, so must thou remember that He who made her redeemed thee, as well as made thee, and thou must know and consider that He who made her so fair and sweet, although she was only intended to bloom for a short season, moved heaven and earth to bless thee, because thou wast made in His image ; and as the rain, the water, and air, and light are all necessary to make the lily beautiful, so the blood and sacrifice of Christ, and His Spirit, and His prayers, and His life, and His death are thy life, and light, and sun, and rain. Thou must

consider that if thy Father could create a lily, the same power who created *that* can redeem *thee*.' Such words were once heard in Mr. Interpreter's House."

Here is another of his simple, thought-suggesting apologues : — "A violet shed its modest beauties at the turfy foot of an old oak. It lived there many days during the kind summer in obscurity. The winds and the rain came and fell, but they did not hurt the violet. Storms often crashed among the boughs of the oak. And one day, said the oak : 'Are you not ashamed of yourself when you look up at me, you little thing down there, when you see how large I am, and how small you are; when you see how small a space you fill, and how widely my branches are spread?' 'No,' said the violet, '*we are both what God made us, and we are where God has placed us*; and God has given us both something. He has given to you strength, to me sweetness; and I offer Him back my fragrance, and am thankful.' 'Sweetness is all nonsense,' said the oak; 'a few days, a month at most, where and what will you be? You'll die, and the place of your grave won't lift the ground

higher by a blade of grass. I hope to stand some time—ages, perhaps—and then, when I am cut down, I shall be a ship to bear men over the sea, or a coffin to hold the dust of a prince. What is your lot to mine?’ ‘*But,*’ cheerfully breathed the violet back, ‘*we are both what God made us, and we are both where He placed us.* I suppose I shall die soon. I hope to die fragrantly, as I have lived fragrantly. You must be cut down at last; it does not matter, that I see, a few days, or a few ages, my littleness or your largeness, it comes to the same thing at last. *We are what God made us. We are where God placed us.* God gave you strength; God gave me sweetness.’”

Here, too, is a vivid picture and parable:—  
“Once, in a wild storm and hurricane, it was given me to see a poor soul flying through the tempest, over a wild moor, houseless; the lightning blazed across the heath, and revealed one house; thither fled the soul. ‘Who lives here?’ ‘*Justice.*’ ‘Oh! Justice, shelter me, for the storm is very dreadful.’ But Justice said: ‘I cannot shelter thee; I kindled the lightnings and the hurricane from whence you fly.’ And I saw the poor spirit

hasten over the plain, and the storm-flash lit up another house, and thither fled the soul. 'Who lives here?' '*Truth.*' 'Oh! Truth, shelter me.' 'Nay,' said the white-robed woman, Truth's handmaid, 'hast thou loved Truth so much that thou canst fly to her for shelter? Not so, there is no shelter here.' And away, in weariness, sped the soul amidst the wild night. Still through the gleams of the blue heavens looked out a third house through the rain. 'Who lives here?' said the lost soul. '*Peace.*' 'Oh! Peace, let me in.' 'Nay, nay; none enter into the house of Peace but those whose hearts are peace.' And then, near to the house of Peace, rose another house, white and beautiful through the livid light. 'Who lives here?' '*Mercy.* Fly in hither, poor soul, for this is the house built for thy shelter and home!'"

The following is full of force:—"If I could paint, I would sketch Reason and Faith going on their journey through the world. How would I paint them? I would paint Faith like a little child—"for of such is the kingdom of heaven"—leading Reason like a giant—like a stone-blind Belisarius, on his way.

Reason has no eye. It is only a hand, although it is constantly crying: 'Except I can see.' 'I cannot see,' says Reason. The little child, Faith, says 'The flowers are springing—consider the lilies how they grow.' 'I cannot see the lilies,' says the Blind Giant. 'The birds are fed,' says Faith; 'consider the fowls!' 'Ah! I cannot see the fowls!' 'The Word is very nigh thee,' says Faith, 'even in thy heart.' 'Ah! I cannot see the Word,' says the Blind Giant."

How forcibly the following little story opens the sermon of "CHRIST'S KNOWLEDGE OF MAN":—"There was a great occasion, when a meeting was held in Yorkshire some twelve hundred years since, at Godmundham, on the occasion of the attempt made by the good missionary, Paulinus, to introduce Christianity into the northern parts of the kingdom. The meeting was held in a rude building, although it was presided over by the king—King Edwin—and attended by all the jarls, and priests, and soldiers of the land in that rude age. It was winter, a fire was kindled in the rude Saxon hall, and a bird, driven by the inclemency of the weather, fled in through some broken

rafters, and, after hovering about a little while, flew out on the opposite side of the building; then there arose in the hall an aged jarl, and said: "Oh! king, I have thought man's life is like that sparrow; it came, we know not whence it came, and it goes, we know not whither it goes; and if the teacher can tell us whence *we* came, or whither *we* are going, Oh! king, let us hear him."

The following is quaint and sweet, and savours of "Holy Mr. Herbert":—"In the course of my travels, I have wandered into two countries. I should like to describe their geography well. I remember the first was called *The Country of Complaint*, a dry, marshy, riverless region, the people are a melancholy, bilious race, they never sing, they only sigh and groan and are troubled; no flowers grow there save a hard fir, or rue, or rosemary; it is winter all the year, a dreary, Northern climate of frosty hearts and tearful eyes. Oh, how glad I was to escape thence, and to visit *The Land of Thankfulness*, that sweet, well-watered region; there the people always sing; there Paul lived, and Abraham pitched his tent: it is a beautiful country of

green pastures and still waters ; and there I found *a beautiful flower called Promise*, which bloomed all the year long. Oh, sweet land of Thankfulness ; may I be a dweller in thy fields, and my cottage be built, and my days be passed in thee."

How sweet, and tender, and helpful is this little allegory :—" There was a poor mother standing by a very little coffin and very little grave, and weeping as if her heart would break—and it was near breaking. Then there came to her, as she stood there, an old man, and he said, ' My child, my daughter, listen ! There was a shepherd, and he led a flock ; and in the flock was one sheep with a very little lamb by its side. Do you listen ? Now the sheep loved the lamb very dearly, and followed the lamb wherever it went, and strayed away after the lamb, far from the fold. Then the shepherd, who saw that the sheep might be lost, and the lamb too, in some pit, or on some wild moor, caught up and carried the lamb in his arms away to the fold. And the sheep came meekly and patiently by the shepherd's side. Then it followed the shepherd *then*, for he had the lamb too.' "

And where shall we place our preacher? With what other Christian Teachers can we group him? In what circle can we provide for him congenial companionship? Perhaps we might not unwisely claim for him communion with Thomas Binney and Frederick Robertson, with Alfred Morris, Baldwin Brown, Thomas Lynch, John Pulsford and Theodore Munger. Of course he differs in some essential respects from each and all of these, in some senses his was a more eclectic mode, and certainly his activities were displayed in a wider arena than any of them, but we claim a general concensus of style of thought, of aim, of influence and character.

## AUTHOR.

IT is when we think of Paxton Hood as a writer of books that our sense of wonder is most powerfully excited, as we are brought face to face with his marvellous capacity for work. His fecundity well-nigh rivalled that of Lope de Vega. How, with his constant preaching and pastoral engagements, his platform speeches, frequent lectures, incessant contributions to the periodical press, his "journeyings oft," his immense correspondence, and all the myriad occupations falling to the share of a public man, he contrived to write and publish the extraordinary number of books he did, is, and ever must be, an insoluble mystery.

When the well-nigh effete *Eclectic* passed from the ponderous hands of its predecessor into his, in order that it might make its appearance on the promised day of publication he wrote the whole number himself, essays, articles, sketches, criticisms — every one. Talking of criticism reminds us of one such

which appeared in an early number of the newly-revived Review, which for terseness and common sense is surely almost unique. A book was written, doubtless by a very well-intentioned and good man, and sent for review. It consisted of some hundreds of pages, and was intended as a "Help" to preachers, with skeletons of sermons and all kinds of *matériel* for sermon making. The book was "reviewed" in some such sentence as this: "To those who *can* preach this book is unnecessary; to those who *cannot* it is useless."

In addition to the *Eclectic* he edited for two years *The Preacher's Lantern*, and, when it passed out of the hands of Dr. Gladstone, *The Argonaut*, which was enriched, under his editorship, with some of Mr. Wyke Bayliss's most valuable papers on art, and with many of his own "Voluntaries on Como."

His "World of Anecdote," "World of Moral and Religious Anecdote," "World of Proverb and Parable," "Gold Fringes," "Laurel Leaves from the Forests of Germany," and "Master Minds of the West," although, perhaps, mainly compilations,\* evince a most

\* This can scarcely be said of the "World of Proverb and Parable," which is certainly an original work.

extensive reading and a most catholic taste, and go far to justify Mr. Spurgeon's dictum when speaking of Mr Hood's untiring labours in the fields of literature, that "he knew more of many books than any other man"; and of Dr. Bevan's at the memorial service at Stoke Newington, that "he had written more books than many men had read."

Of others, so varied in manner and matter that it is difficult to allocate them, we may cite: "The Day, the Book, and the Teacher," Century Volume of the Sunday School Union; and "Robert Raikes: a Musical Memoir," a Service of Song first given during the Centenary Festival at Finsbury Chapel; "The Villages of the Bible"; "The Age and its Architects"; "Vignettes of the Great Revival of the Eighteenth Century"; "Blind Amos and his Velvet Principles"; "Bye-Path Meadow"; "Lamps of the Temple"; "Self-Formation: Twelve Chapters for Young Thinkers"; "Moral Manhood"; "The Dark Days of Queen Mary"; "The Golden Days of Queen Bess"; "The Literature of Labour"; "Self-Education"; "Lamps, Pitchers, and Trumpets"; "The Hammer and the Ploughshare:

a Book for Labourers"; "The Peerage of Poverty" (first and second series); "Fragments of Thought and Composition"; "Representative Women"; "The Shekinah Opened"; "Genius and Industry: the Achievements of Mind among the Cottages"; "Common Sense"; "The Mental and Moral Philosophy of Laughter: a Vista of the Ludicrous Side of Life"; "Old England: Scenes from Life in the Hall and the Hamlet, by the Forest and the Fireside"; "Scottish Characteristics"; "Dreamland and Ghostland: Visits and Wanderings there in the Nineteenth Century"; "The King's Windows"; "The King's Sceptre"; "The Throne of Eloquence," and the quite recently issued volume, "The Vocation of the Preacher."

From amongst a long list of Biographical Memorials and Sketches we may mention "Wordsworth: a Biography"; "Isaac Watts: His Life and Writings, his Homes and Friends"; "The Earnest Minister: Memorials of the Rev. Benjamin Parsons, of Ebley"; "Life of Robert Hall"; "Andrew Marvell; the Model Englishman"; "John Milton: the Patriot Poet"; "Charles Dickens: His

Genius and Life"; "William Cobbett: the Last of the Saxons"; "Bulwer: the Wit, Philosopher, and Poet"; "Socrates: the Moral Reformer of Ancient Athens"; "Swedenborg: a Biography and an Exposition"; "Christmas Evans: the Preacher of Wild Wales"; "Thomas Binney: His Mind-Life and Opinions, Denominational, Doctrinal, and Devotional"; "Oliver Cromwell: his Life, Times, Battle-fields, and Contemporaries"; and "Thomas Carlyle: Philosopher, Thinker, Theologian, Historian, and Poet."

In addition to many printed single sermons, including the one entitled "Havelock: the Broad Stone of Honour"; "King Bramble"; and that on "Doré's Picture—*Christ Leaving the Prætorium*," he published two volumes entitled respectively "The Preaching of the Lilies," and "Dark Sayings on a Harp."

Selections from among a large number of fugitive poetical pieces have been issued; a volume of "Melodies," songs written to popular airs and sung by him during his long campaign in the temperance cause; "Our Hymn Book," a supplementary collection mostly original, for use at Offord Road; "Harmonies of Verse

and Tune," a valedictory volume issued on his retirement from Barnsbury; "Songs of the Cross and the Crown," "Songs of the Willow and Palm," and "The Maid of Nuremburg," poems written in Switzerland and Italy.

One of the very earliest of his productions in a literary way was the little *brochure* entitled "The Moral Reformer's Almanac," full of "wise saws," and replete with that rich and rare commodity, common sense.

Through all these long years of book-writing and publishing he was contributing uninterruptedly to the periodical press; and in the current numbers of the "Sunday at Home" and "Leisure Hour," at the time of his death, are two most readable and fascinating papers dealing respectively with the "Voyage of the *Mayflower*" and the "Home of the Hartingtons."

His "Memorial of Thomas Binney" has, perhaps rightly, been censured as bearing too evident traces of undue haste. It was written and issued from the press in a very few days, and yet it drew from the pen of C. H. Spurgeon the warm and appreciative words: "Paxton Hood has done for the departed all

that is necessary, and has done it in a style at once attractive, popular, and admirable. We feel half inclined to ask for an early dismissal that Mr. Hood may sketch us in the same genial manner, and make as generous a use of any facts about us worth noticing. We feel inclined to quote half the book."

The appearance of his book upon Swedenborg called forth a very harsh criticism from *The Monthly Christian Spectator*. The reviewer evidently did not understand the "Exposition." The Seer's sympathy, which the writer possessed, was an experience quite outside and beyond that of the reviewer. The tone of this "review" was as *gracious* as was that of *The Record* when it dealt with that gentle and beautiful spirit, F. W. Robertson, of Brighton, or when *The British Banner* unfurled its folds above the quiet "Rivulet" of T. T. Lynch.

In Mr. Hood's preface to his book there is a very characteristic utterance, which explains his attitude towards the men to whom he was attracted:—" ' Then, of course, you are a Swedenborgian ? ' said a friend to me the other day, after looking over the sheets of my book, and I

said, 'Why so?' and he could give me no better answer why I should be so, than that I had written a life, and attempted to expound the tenets of Emanuel Swedenborg! I have, also, written and attempted some exposition of John Milton, but I have never been called a Miltonist; and of Andrew Marvell, yet I have never been styled a Marvellian! Cannot a man spell out and accurately record an inscription on an Egyptian Sarcophagus without being mistaken for a gipsy or a descendant of the Pharoahs? I am no more a Swedenborgian than I am a Bunyanist, a Howeist, a Bernardite, a Franciscan, a Moreist, a Behmenite, or a Lawite. The sayings and thoughts of all great and true men are precious to me, and I hope I can both receive them and retail them without parting with myself."

In answer to this the reviewer says: "Why Mr. Hood should hesitate to avow himself a Swedenborgian after what he has published in this 'Biography and Exposition' we cannot understand. . . . If he is not a Swedenborgian after this, all we can say is that we think he ought to be." This appeared in May, 1855.

In the number of the same periodical for the following month is a letter from "A New Churchman," in which the writer disowns all sympathy with E. P. Hood, from the simple fact that his views of the great Swedish seer were such that clearly he could never be a Swedenborgian. The criticism called forth a spirited rejoinder, which, let us say in all fairness, the Editor of *The Christian Spectator* was courteous enough to find space for. There is one passage in this reply that is altogether too Paxton Hoodish to omit. "I thank you for inserting the letter of 'A New Churchman;' *that*, you see, tells you that I certainly am *not* a Swedenborgian, and as I am disclaimed by both your reviewer and the 'New Churchman,'—cast as it were out of both their synagogues, I really now begin to congratulate myself on having written a tolerably fair book."

The book is a very succinct unfolding of Swedenborg's System and Teaching, and a very concise *résumé* of the main incidents of his marvellously busy life. The salient points of his complicated system are considered under the several heads or chapters entitled, "Theo-

sophy," "Homology," "Psychology," "Sacred Hieroglyphics," "The World of Souls," and "Initial Letters."

One of the earliest, as it is one of the best, of his books, was "The Lamps of the Temple," a series of clever sketches of some of the master minds of the Pulpit, who were moulding the thought of the time when he first entered upon ministerial work. The style was a most captivating one—analogue and analytical; exuberant in its imagery and abounding in trope and metaphor; incisive in manner, felicitous in illustration, filled with all the graces of choicest diction, ornamented with alliteration and antithesis, and presenting you not with polished petrifications, but with men who "lived and moved and had their being" in the pictures which he drew.

Some of his most sententious writing is to be found in this book, and some of the most exact and appreciative criticism. With but three exceptions—sturdy Charles Haddon Spurgeon, venerable James Martineau, and beloved John Pulsford—they are all gone; sketched and sketched alike, all gone! Richard Winter Hamilton and Cardinal Wiseman, George

Gilfillan and George Dawson, Robert Newton, Joseph Beaumont, James Parsons, Edward Andrews, Henry Melville, Benjamin Parsons, Christmas Evans, John Elias, Williams of Wern, Alfred Morris, Thomas Binney, Edwin Paxton Hood.

We have only space for a few citations from this attractive book ; they shall consist of brief characterisations of some of the men he has sketched, and which have seemed to us peculiarly happy and appropriate ; for example, of *Mr. Spurgeon* he writes :—“His is not a court style, his speech does not look well when dressed in cambric, lace, and pointed ruffles, with bag-wig and steel sword ; it is a bluff, hearty, farmer-like style, and its beauties, although frequent and very real, are rather like a wild flower, or huge rose in a farmer’s Sunday coat than elegant vase-flowers in the duchess’s drawing-room, or the wreath for the head of the young Countess of Mayfair. Mr. Spurgeon only talks well when he talks like a plain, clear-headed, broad-hearted Saxon soul.”

This, too, is very clever of *George Dawson* :—  
“It is a strong, energetic style, it is plain

and grotesque, it is the *Monk Bede* translating Goethe or Coleridge for the benefit of his countrymen ; it is like a carving of Carlyle, set up on a corbel, or in a niche of an old Saxon minster."

Or, again, this of *Joseph Beaumont* :—" The master of rhetorical analogy we have called our dear, good, meek-spirited Dr. Beaumont. It is his method not to put things after one another, like a logician, but by the side of each other, like a painter."

This, too, is as true as striking in his sketch of *Henry Melvill* :—" Over imaginative minds Mr. Melvill's sermons have the same wild and extraordinary influence wielded by Martin's pictures ; the tendency, while he rushes rapidly by you, is to build any vast and awful forms of grotesque magnificence—to stretch out the eye to far-flashing constellations and zodiacs distant in space—to watch the mystic outraying of strange lightnings round colossal thrones and Titan monarchies. This, it may seem, is no very desirable kind of preaching for an inflammable youth."

Speaking of some of *George Gilfillan's*

performances as the great originator of our modern art of "Interviewing," he says:—"The next most atrocious thing to murdering a man is to Gilfillanise him."

To those who know and love *John Pulsford*, the following will commend itself as very exact:—"The preaching of Pulsford, like the writing of Richter, reminds us of all soft, soothing, lulling tones in Nature. The voices of flutes over the still mountain lakes at evening, or beneath the moonlight night—bells wafted on a calm Sabbath-day to a listener on the mountain height—an organ from some lake-girt and taper-illumined minster at midnight—such are the images which rise to our mind; or, say in a word, it is the music of crystals shooting into shape, and beauty, and cohesion,—aërial, soft, but clear." And again:—"Mr. Pulsford is a Transcendentalist; he believes in 'a peace *passing* all understanding'; he believes in 'a love *passing* knowledge.'"

This picture of *Dr. Richard Winter Hamilton* strikes us as felicitous:—"Dr. Hamilton never appeared to us as an orator. His character was rather bardic; his words did sweep forth as Vatic words; they were

too high-wrought for ordinary discoursing—too magniloquent and pompous ; but this was more marked from the sudden jerking of his sentences. They reminded you of soldiers falling upon each others' ranks ; the sentences stood up five feet high, all properly pipe-clayed and polished ; they gave you the idea of fellows most uncomfortably close together ; the word to halt had been given in such a hurry that they had not time to get into their places without inconveniencing each other."

So, too, this of *James Martineau* :—" We cannot but think that, in some measure, he lost sight of his vocation when he entered the pulpit ; especially we think so when we see him standing halting between the, to him, two syrens of Logic and Poetry. We venture to think withal that he has done injury to his nature by his use of dialectic weapons. Nature baptized him for a poet. We must think that the pulpit of his denomination clothed him in the mail of a logical and theological Abelard."

It is scarcely surprising that his estimate of *Thomas Binney* is eminently an appreciative one. He says of him :—" He can say and

do anything ; his power of thinking is considerably beyond his power of uttering ; but his power of humour is quite equal to his power of thought ; and that which he seems to us frequently too lazy to convey by words, he conveys by a gesture, a look, a wave of the hand, a shrug of the shoulders. . . . You have the idea during the whole time of his discoursing to you that he is improvising, that he is thinking while preaching, that ideas are struggling within him for utterance, and frequently he appears to be taken captive by his ideas. . . . We know no other preacher who so truly preaches to his auditors the reality that life is a battle, and who presents the warfare in so hearty and glorious a tone ; he never whines sentimentally about the shots that fly over the field ; he does not scent his hearers with rose-water philanthropies ; he points to the opposing forces or the ambushed foes ; life's temptations, and sorrows, and disappointments, and says : ' Up, and at them ! ' . . . His ideas are frequently not merely original, but they present themselves sometimes in the highest regions of poetic apprehension ; philosophy robed in poetry and crowned with piety."

Here, too, are some most appropriate characterisations of *Alfred Morris* :—" His preaching is too calm, too aphorismatical, too dignified to suit the popular taste, even of Independency. He speaks too much from the intuitional, and too little from the sensational. . . . We confess to being very fond of the aphoristic style of Mr. Morris. We are fond of a flowing manner, and we are fond of the sententious. Minds of that order to which Mr. Morris's belong usually express themselves in that clear, curt, and defined way, they cannot stay to polish the cornices of a building, they like to say their word and leave it to its own suggestive course ; and very pleasant, indeed, it is to find the thought leavening and working within the mind."

Some of his choicest chapters in " *Moral Manhood*," " *Self Formation*," and " *The Peerage of Poverty*," are those which he entitles " *Episodes* " or " *Landing Stages* "— we can only mention them and pass on—" *The Moral Philosophy of Crutches*," " *The Pilgrimage of Panamethystos*," " *Backbone People*," the " *Apology for Enthusiasm*," " *Toll Bars and Turnpikes*," " *The Two Old*

Schoolmasters : Bamboo and Bamboozle," " Won't, Can't, and Try," " The Moral Satisfaction of Pulling up a Weed," " The Race of the Iron Kings," " The Order of Vagabonds," " The Soul of a Watch," " The Value of a Worm," " Industry and Song," and " The Home of Taste."

And " Self-Formation "—to which we remember hearing a most enthusiastic tribute from Mr. Hood's predecessor at Falcon-square, the Rev. Justin Evans—what a wise and altogether helpful book it is! Dealing first of all with Definitions, as to what Self-Education is, and in what it consists, the young thinker is conducted by gentle gradations along the path of mental and moral progress. He is informed *how* to observe, and *what* to observe ; what and how to read ; how to think,—deductive and inductive methods of ratiocination ; how to pursue truth, and how successively to educate the body, the mind, the taste, the memory, and, through the bracing atmospheres of moral and mental freedom, to build up the man, the citizen, the Christian. Brave helps, indeed, for earnest hearts and souls ! few have stimulated to a higher degree the

nascent plans and purposes of young and reverent spirits.

His "Wordsworth : a Biography " (published in 1856) was pronounced by *The Nonconformist* to be his best book ; and we are not indisposed to endorse the verdict. Few men by the idiosyncrasy of their mental conditions, could have more appropriately undertaken such a task ; there was much coincidence of thought and feeling between the great Subjective Poet of the Century, and his biographer. The oracular utterances of the Poet of Rydal Mount were *caviare* to the multitude ; many of his moods required interpreting. Long and solitary communings with Nature had made him introspectional. He had listened to her mystic voice ; had conversed with her in her deepest and darkest moods ; and had caught the occult accent of her speech. He had penetrated her mephitic glooms and densest adumbrations, and when he emerges from this sequestered life, it is with the nimbus round the brow and the veil over the face. Paxton Hood's book is an elucidation, a translation of the strange runic dialect into the vulgar tongue.

“The Age and its Architects” was published in 1850, a year previous to the appearance of “The Lamps of the Temple,” and manifests what he has so signally proved in all his later utterances, his deep penetration—his power to appreciate and appropriate facts and ideas, and, clothing them in a new vesture, to send them forward in new relationships, and with a fuller significance. Most of the great social questions and problems of the day are dealt with; facts are collected and collated, and pertinent suggestions as to the solution of the difficulties discussed are presented to the thoughtful reader. The varied aspects of sociology are dealt with severally in ten chapters, entitled respectively, “The Development of the Ages,” “The Victorian Commonwealth,” “The Physique and Morale of a Great City,” “The Arcadias of England,” “The Doings of the People,” “The Sins of the People,” “The Mission of the Schoolmaster,” “Woman, the Reformer,” “Westward Ho!” and “Modern Utopias.”

And what can we say of “Blind Amos,” and his method of measurement by *touch*; of that unerring “Velvet Principle,” and all that

wealth of "Proverb and Parable for the Young Folk"? Mr. Binney wrote to him in reference to this little book, that "If he were rich enough he would circulate it by millions." It reminds us of John Todd and George Moggridge, those cherished friends and guides of early days; but there is a charm about the book which was wanting in even the pregnant pages of the "Student's Manual," and we confess that we prefer "Blind Amos" even to dear "Old Humphrey." The young child is fascinated by the story, and graver men find a very rich mine of stimulus and suggestion in its wise and weighty words.

## *P O E T.*

TAKING the word "poet" in its truest sense, associating with it all that it etymologically implies, it would seem superfluous to devote any pages to a consideration of Paxton Hood in this connection. The extracts already cited from his pulpit utterances abundantly testify to and illustrate it. His was in very deed "the vision and the faculty divine." "Poet" is synonymous with "prophet," "seer," "thinker," "revealer," "interpreter." Carlyle says that sometimes the prophet seizes upon the sacred mysteries from the moral side, while the poet approaches them from the æsthetic, but confesses to so intimate a correlation as practically to forbid the severance.

To the casual on-looker—we dare not say observer—the universe is a huge confusion, without form and well-nigh void. The scientist would pass it through his alembics and crucibles, measure it with his rule and

compass, fathom it with his plumb-line. The philosopher detects something in it, and endeavours to account for it; he would disintegrate it, collate and classify it. The logician would reduce it all to an affair of synthesis and syllogism. The poet puts his ear to its bosom, listens to the faint and far-off music beating in the heart of it.

The poet is, and ever must be, *per se* greater than the philosopher; yet sometimes they touch and intermingle. Browning is a philosopher, and Fichte was a poet. The harmony of science and religion will be restored and maintained through the intuitions and interpretations of the poet rather than by the guesses or even the demonstrations of the philosopher. The eye of Alfred Tennyson or Robert Browning is clearer and more penetrating than that of Herbert Spencer or Alexander Bain. The rhythmic form is, perhaps, the least important. Carlyle says: "We are all poets when we *read* a poem well," and Emerson: "A countryman is a poet when he stops to look at a rainbow."

Do we not recognise in "*Les Misérables*" of Victor Hugo a noble epic, and in Carlyle's

“ History of the French Revolution ” one of the completest and truest dramatic poems in the language? Yet the ultimate work of the poet is expressed metrically and musically. The highest effort of the poet is to distinguish the eternal differences between the intrinsic and extrinsic worth and meaning of things.

But we have to speak of Paxton Hood in the more conventional and commonly accepted way. Frequent were his incursions upon the domain of poetry, and many a graceful lyric we have culled from the fugitive pages of the periodic Press. Were they collected and published they would fill a very respectable volume. Very much of his prose falls easily into cadence; his sentences were frequently rhythmical. His poems were always smooth and chaste, and some of them had an idyllic grace of thought and diction that was very sweet. We wonder how many of our readers ever met with those companion poems written while sitting on a stone in the New Forest—the Monody and the Trenody on “ The Old Forest Days; or, Sentiment and Common Sense ”? or “ The Three Ships ”? or “ The Farmer of St. Ives ”? We should like to transcribe his

“Song of the Seed,” “The Old Bridge of Faith,” the valedictory verses “To Brighton Bells,” the “Poem Addressed to Longfellow on his Seventy-fifth Birthday,” and many another. We have, however, only space for one or two shorter illustrations of his verse. Here is one of his hearty songs sung often by him in his Lectures and Speeches on PEACE :—

THE OLD IRON HAMMER.

The soldier may boast of his grandeur and glory,  
And tell of the thunders that rolled o’er the field;  
He may hold up his weapon all dripping and gory,  
And sing of the splendours that shone on his shield;  
But we have no battle-song, breathing of clamour;  
We hold up no weapon all dripping with gore:  
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron hammer,  
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

The banner may fan it, the trumpet before it  
May bray forth its praises with loud brazen breath,  
But we will but sing of the death-shadow o’er it,  
Its pathway of ruin, of danger and death:  
While the soldier, besworded, may lift up the banner,  
We’ll tell him the blacksmith must glory restore;  
So a song for the Hammer, the old iron hammer!  
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

Round the forge in the village the blacksmiths are singing,  
A hammer is fashioned—lo! there, where it lies;  
In the far-distant forests the anvils are ringing;  
On the waste and the desert the proud cities rise.

Thou ancient truth-bringer, thou mighty world-tamer,  
Great symbol of labour, triumphant once more!  
All hail to the Hammer, the old iron hammer!  
The Hammer shall conquer when swords are no more!

He could hold the attention and win the hearts of the rustics on the village green, and throw a spell over the cultured congregations of Hare Court and the Weigh House. He could write hymns of Temperance that could raise the enthusiasm of plain country folk, and write "Evening Voluntaries on Como" that charm by their measured music, and are of the kind that poets love. Here is one, written at Caddenabbia, in Italy, in 1874:—

#### THE LITTLE MOUNTAIN CHURCH.

There's a little white church, but my foot cannot find it,  
It stands on a crag with a tall mount behind it,  
And far, far beneath it the sweet chafing waters,  
The lake cool and clear.

Oh! thou dear little church on the far-away mountain,  
As fresh to my heart as the fall of the fountain;  
And far, far beneath it the sweet chafing waters—  
The lake cool and clear.

And how did the hands of the builder come near thee,  
Oh! thou tall beetling crag? what a terror to rear thee!  
So far, far above o'er the sweet chafing waters,  
The lake cool and clear.

Oh ! whisper and say how the worshippers find thee,  
Oh, church on the crag, with the tall mount behind thee ;  
So far, far above o'er the sweet chafing waters,  
The lake cool and clear.

Is the way thro' the sweet meadow, there just below it ?  
Is the way o'er yon narrow ledge, foot cannot know it ?  
So dread and so dark o'er the sweet chafing waters,  
The lake, cool and clear.

What hand wakes the sound from the belfry up yonder ?  
What matins ! what vespers ! I wonder, I ponder,  
As I rock far beneath on the sweet chafing waters,  
The lake cool and clear.

Oh ! thou little white church, tho' my foot cannot find  
thee,  
I shall think of thee long when I've left thee behind me ;  
And far, far away from the sweet chafing waters,  
The lake cool and clear.

I shall say, little church, on the far-away mountain,  
Thou art fresh to my heart as the fall of a fountain ;  
So far, far above o'er the sweet chafing waters,  
Or the wild chafing waters,  
The lake cool and clear.

## *HYMNOLOGIST.*

PERHAPS of all the several parts of our Sabbath worship, the loftiest in tone and wealthiest in blessing, is the Service of Song. Music appeals so winsomely, so irresistibly to our souls, the kinship of soul and song is so intimate and real. The great preachers of the past live oftenest only in the traditions of their names: the great singers live ever in their songs—a perpetual inheritance of the Church. The holy hymn that quivers into expression in village chapel or city church to-day, is the same that throbbed beneath the domes of the great cathedrals of the past—so long as it enshrines the heart's need and the spirit's yearning and the soul's desire, it is "not for a century, but for all time." Sermons are sometimes the most evanescent of all the forms of human speech—hymns have a perennial life. And so down the aisles of the centuries march God's singers—striking their harps and chant-

ing their litanies, the echoes of which are never to die ; but, having been wafted along the tides of human experience, and pulsed through the corridors of human hearts, and whispered by the pillows of dying saints, are at last to merge into that great tempest of harmony that shall sweep through the golden gates of " The City," and vibrate in the great " Hallelujah Chorus " of the redeemed.

Praises pealed along the Roman catacombs from the lips of Christian fugitives—praises rang through the arena as holy maidens were folded in the tiger's grim embrace ; praises pealed from wild crag and mossy glen, from brave old Covenanters and Waldenses, from martyr's pyre, from dungeon darkness, and fell death's last agony. All through the centuries, we say, the heavenly liturgy has rung, chanted by the lip and breaking from the heart of Bernard and Ambrose and Xavier, and echoed in the later strains of Doddridge and Toplady, Watts and Wesley, Cowper and Newton, Ken and Keble, Newman and Faber, Lynch and Paxton Hood.

There was a beautiful eclecticism in Paxton Hood's Service of Song—the litany of praise

throbbed in the great hymns of the Church that surge and swell along the ages, like those of Watts and Wesley, Newton, Doddridge and Toplady, Cowper, Montgomery and Addison—but often the quaint verses of John Bunyan and George Herbert were the wings with which you accomplished your spirit flights—or you were invited to join in hymns selected from Alfred Tennyson's "In Memoriam," or Philip Bailey's "Festus"—or to unite in the quiet musings of John Keble, or John Henry Newman, or Frederick Faber, or Thomas Lynch, Ray Palmer, and Adelaide Proctor and Frances Havergal—or to enter into the experiences of John Bowring and Cullen Bryant, Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, or gentle Bernard Barton.

Of all Paxton Hood's writings, his hymns, perhaps, are destined to live longest in the memories and affections of men. Many of them have found a place in the most catholic and cherished of our hymnals. His conceptions of life were so genial, and of the spiritual life especially so high and pure. They met so many experiences; appealed so plaintively and winsomely to so many moods. To the sorrowful

they came so soothingly, and withal so hopefully; to the diffident they are cheery and bright; to the sad and heavy-hearted so sunny and so bracing. His name, we say, will live chiefly as it will stream like a bright red lamp along the avenues of his hymns.

Although his hymns were suffused with a tender pathos and he entered most readily and vividly into the sadder experiences of men, there was never a hint of morbidity in his nature. He had a horror of all false sentiment. Even in his more sorrowful hours there were gleams of sunshine, glints of hope.

A characteristic story is told of him, illustrating his sympathy with the gladder inspiration: Engaged to preach in a place and among a people strange to him, he entered the pulpit at the moment an aged deacon was reading out, in doleful tones, the lines intended to lead the Service of Song with which the morning's devotion opened:—

My thoughts on awful subjects roll,  
Damnation and the dead.

Starting to his feet, in tones that thrilled through the frigidities of the old place, he exclaimed, "Stop! stop! my thoughts do not

‘roll’ on such a subject at all! I am going to preach on the love of God, and the hymn I intended was—

‘Ere the blue Heavens were stretched abroad,  
From everlasting was the Word.’”

When many of his more ephemeral productions are forgotten, and over very much, too, of his weightier work “oblivion shall grow over it like grass,” men will never tire of singing his *Sursum Corda*,—“Lift up your hearts to things above,” or “O, walk with Jesus,” or “Jesus lives and Jesus leads,” or “Tears and terrors,” or “Harps of gold.” Men will comfort one another with the sweet assurance, “There’s a beautiful land where the rains never beat,” or charm their sorrows into song with that sweet lyric, “Sing a hymn to Jesus when the heart is faint.” What a calming and comforting hymn is that:—

The eagle builds on the mountain’s breast,  
And sports with the lightnings free;  
But sweeter far is the dove’s low nest  
On the bough of the household tree.  
Sweet is the nest where the dove may build  
In the dark and the lonely grove;  
But the true dove’s nest is a spirit filled  
By the wings of a holy love.

Her silvery wing may skirt the sky ;  
But where'er the wings may roam—  
Though they wander far or wander high—  
They return to the nest at home.  
And the thoughts of a heart that God hath blest,  
Though they wander o'er sky and sea,  
Come brooding back, like a dove, to the nest  
In the quiet household tree.

O Spirit of Jesus, make Thy rest  
In this stony heart of mine ;  
And hymns shall arise like songs from a nest,  
But the praises shall all be Thine.  
And soon I shall have as the wings of a dove,  
As I fly to my skyward rest,  
To pass to my golden grove above  
And build in the true dove's nest.

The writing of many of these hymns beguiled the tedium of long railway journeys. Many fell into rhyme and rhythm as a kind of musical accompaniment to his footfalls over many a field-path and in many a forest ramble.

There is a quaintness about some of his hymns that is very pleasant, and reminds you of John Bunyan and George Herbert, of both of whom he was never tired of talking in those quiet Sabbath evening meditations, as, for instance, "A Pilgrim to the Holy Land," "Come, be of good cheer, brother," and those

memorable lines he wrote one evening seated upon the Portland Breakwater, and with which he closes his sermon on “Doing and Dreaming ; or, the Wise and Foolish Builders ” :—

Saviour and Master,  
 These sayings of Thine,  
 Help me to make them  
 Doings of mine.

Here is another sweet hymn. We remember, the first time we heard it, asking him where the tune to which he had wedded it might be obtained. “Oh,” he said, “it is in manuscript. I heard it once in a French cathedral, some years ago, and it struck me as so sweet that I pencilled it down, and wrote these words to accompany it—

“After the darkness, lo, the light  
 Shall all the past repair :  
 The perfect bliss, the spotless sight,  
 It is not *here* but *there*.  
 So still I sing in every state,  
 Always where’er I be ;—  
 Be still, my heart, be still and wait,  
 He loveth thee.

“O, but for Him I could not sing,  
 However fair my lot ;  
 For dark night droops, and dark things spring  
 Round me on every spot

But now I sing with joy elate,  
Always where'er I be ;—  
Be still, my heart ; be still and wait,  
He loveth thee.

“ And now, whatever things I see,  
The mighty or the fair ;  
I know the best is waiting me,  
For perfect things are there.  
A child of grace and not of fate,  
I sing, where'er I be ;—  
Be still, my heart ; be still and wait,  
He loveth thee.

“ My God will end where He began,  
His end cannot be pain ;  
The glory of the Incarnate Son  
Must be eternal gain.  
So till in His eternal state,  
His meaning thou shalt see ;—  
Be still, my heart ; be still and wait,  
He loveth thee.”

The next has a very pathetic history attached to it : Mr. Hood wrote it one day in a railway carriage on his way up to London from Nibley. He sent it to his wife, who was then nearing her end, and staying at Hull with her parents ; but before it arrived she had passed away into “the Golden City.” What a significance it gave to some of the lines, as the full weight of this new and sorrowful experience dawned fully upon him.

There is a golden city  
Beyond the bridgeless river,  
And all the blest who find its rest  
Shall rest in joy for ever.  
Its walls are all salvation,  
Its gates are high evangels ;  
Come to the Golden City,  
And share the bliss of angels.

Within the Golden City  
Our white-robed friends are walking  
All happy hearts are meeting there,  
All of the old ways talking ;  
And God hath hushed their weeping,  
Beyond all human pity ;  
And parted hearts are greeting  
Within the Golden City.

On earth all things deceive us,  
All lovely things are dying ;  
Love only comes to leave us ;  
Our singing turns to sighing.  
Poor, frail, and fainting mortals,  
We need each other's pity ;  
We long to see the portals  
Of our own Golden City.

And so each shape of beauty,  
But warns us not to love it,  
Because it veils the something  
More beautiful above it.  
On earth in tears we wander,  
And all our best loves grieve us ;  
In the Golden City yonder  
They'll love us, and not leave us.

Come to the Golden City,  
O friends, I must be going!  
I hear my Lord's own voice—I hear  
The sounds of music flowing.  
World, flesh, and devil, let me pass!  
What care I for your pity?  
I'm going o'er the sea of glass,  
On to the Golden City.

Speaking of the sad episode following upon the writing of this hymn we cannot refrain from transcribing extracts from the letters which our revered and much loved friend, John Pulsford, sent him while his heart was bleeding and lacerated beneath the blow. How it has been given to all of us to experience the poverty of all human words to speak comfort in such crises as these! But the lines we reprint seem to us about the most tender it would be possible to indite in such a season—how utterly unconventional, how tenderly beautiful they are!—

“*Newton Abbot.*

“ Oh, my *dear, dear*, DEAR brother! how suddenly, from a luxurious revelling in the enchantments of this neighbourhood, my heart filled with pain, grew heavy and sombre, and yearned in me for you! Your black loss!—

your wild bitterness ! I know well the affrightment, the distraction, that feeling of the soul that it cannot be ! And why do I speak to you when I know that the creature cannot help or comfort you ? I do it, far more from a necessity in me, than from any idea that I can minister healing to the broken heart. Yet my brother must not 'lie on his face,' as though there were no hope ; as though nothing were to be done in this hour ; as though nothing were to be learned. The hour is precious and largely freighted with pure treasure. Court the awful, and, if possible, say to the blackness of darkness, 'Thou art not quite black' ! and it will unlock its bosom and show thee the hidden pearl, and whisper to thee the sweet secret. This hour is worth all previous hours to thee, dear brother. Be still and strong in the all and always tranquil power ; and new atmospheres will embosom thee, and new waters refresh thee ; and the new life-fire will baptize and inspire thee. We must see to it that everything shall serve us, and nothing undo us. GOD IS ALIVE ! The dark, dark event, is the garment He wears and in which He seeks to come very near to

the quick of thee, that he may impress thee not for ordinary good but for *EXTRA-ordinary*. And your darling wife will not be less precious to you, nor less sacred, nor less useful, because she has slipped the shell. The kernel is entire and waits for you in the House of Life. This always was a House of Death, and never can be anything else but a house of death. Happy are they who have found 'the way out,' and have escaped. Don't be afraid of sorrow, my dear brother, don't wish for comfort. Lie under the night, and let the whole cross lie on thee; and in the night, when it is darkest, light will arise, and out of the cross balm will flow. And from the dove-world to which your dove has flown, the sweet-singing turtle-dove, out of the bosom of God, will descend upon you, and 'great will your peace be.'—Your earnest, affectionate, and faithful, JOHN PULSFORD."

"My poor, dear, stricken brother may rely upon it, I should have hurried to him had I been in Hull. Your words of the 2nd I did not get till yesterday, the 6th. The outermost garment of your meek, loving household-angel is now clean gone from your eyes and embraces.

Oh, it is cruel hard,—it is wildly agonising ;—I know it. But don't say '*all your hopes are cut off.*' Oh, no ! It is only the flesh that says so. The flesh is first to speak, but itself is a fallacy, and it always speaks in fallacies ; your sweetest, dearest, deepest hopes, inextinguishable hopes, are but now budding ; perhaps not budding yet, only germinating in death. You know nothing is quickened except it die. How sweet and pure in her lily whiteness is your darling ! *and not far from you*—sensually and fallaciously far, but spiritually, actually most near. Oh, so near ; nearer than flesh can ever be to flesh. And you shall see her again, and embrace her right tenderly. Is this no hope ? She is but gone to 'the green pastures' a few days before you. There is no doubt of your following her. In the meantime no space can be between hearts that are one. The one thing, which is the only *real* thing, and the only true substance, incorruptible, and living, and enduring eternally, that one thing is everywhere. In *Him* there is precious, actual unity, and fellowship that is, and must be for ever. The outer corrupt substance is a cheat, and all the bonds and endearments that have their

ground in it are infatuatingly plausible, but terrible cheats. We all find it out sooner or later, and so learn the first lesson towards essential life and peace. You must come to us soon as you can after we return home,—not to forget your bosom one, but to remember her sweetly, and to realise together with me the actual Fatherland, wherein we both have treasures.—Most lovingly in the life of Jesus in me, JOHN PULSFORD.”

Oh! dear people of Offord Road, we say to ourselves, while transcribing this, what ministries have been yours! Edwin Paxton Hood and John Pulsford!

We must not forget to mention Mr. Hood's Hymns for Children. How the children love them! how heartily we hear our own darlings sing out sometimes—

God, who hath made the daisies,  
And every lovely thing,  
He will accept our praises,  
And hearken while we sing.  
He says, though we are simple,  
Though ignorant we be,  
“Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to me.”

Though we are young and simple,  
In praise we may be bold ;  
The children in the Temple  
He heard in days of old.  
And if our hearts are humble  
He says to you and me,  
“ Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me.”

He sees the bird that wingeth  
Its way o'er earth and sky ;  
He hears the lark that singeth  
Up in the heaven so high ;  
He sees the heart's low breathings,  
And says (well pleased to see)  
“ Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me.”

Therefore we will come near Him,  
And solemnly we'll sing ;  
No cause to shrink and fear Him,  
We'll make our voices ring,  
For in our temple speaking,  
He says to you and me,  
“ Suffer the little children,  
And let them come to Me.”

This, and those commencing “ I love to  
think, though I am young, my Saviour was a  
child,” “ I hear a sweet voice singing clear,  
' All is Well,' ” “ How sweet is the Sabbath,”  
and “ There's a place I love dearly,” with

many others, have found their way into nearly every Sunday-school in the kingdom, and are always special favourites of the young people.

## LECTURER.

ONCE one of the most popular forms of entertainment and instruction, the lecture, as a literary method, has passed almost into disuse. The wider dissemination of biographical, historical, and scientific information through the teeming pages of a popular press may, perhaps, not inadequately account for the change. A quarter of a century since lecturing was the mode, and where the lecturer was thoroughly informed with his subject, and had the happy art of putting his hearers *en rapport* with it too, no more pleasurable or profitable a medium could be imagined. The occasion was alike an inspiration to speaker and hearer, and Paxton Hood was, perhaps, seen at his best as he talked to people on some familiar topic with all the easy demeanour of a man who was sitting in his own drawing-room and taking his listeners into his confidence. It was the style of the loose

coat and slippers of the library rather than that of the robe and the forum.

Possessed of a wealth of nervous force, of quick sympathies, ready command of words, and, over and above all, an enthusiasm that was electrical, he had the power of moving vast masses of men, of throwing around them the charm of his earnestness, and holding them as by a potent spell. Words, wise, weighty, and witty, and musical withal, flowed ceaselessly and without effort from his tongue, as they rippled almost unconsciously from his pen. And yet the word was ever the necessity of the thought. Beneath the glamour of his eloquence men were moved as though some mighty wind were passing over them and stirring amongst them. He carried you with him, you were borne irresistibly upon the strong tides of his emotions. The pretty tricks of the professional elocutionist were beneath him. In vain you essayed to detect the carefully prepared climax, the pre-arranged peroration. The charm lay in the spontaneity, and the effect was an inspiration. How rapid was the thought, how quick the perception, how dramatic the presentment !

It was as a lecturer to Literary Associations and Mechanic's Institutes that Paxton Hood first made his appearance as a public man, and for forty years he was *facile princeps*. We doubt if any of the acknowledged masters of the art of instruction and amusement through the pleasant *media* of rhetorical address and oratorical speech have addressed a greater number or wider variety of auditors, not excepting his great contemporaries, George Thompson, Henry Vincent, or George Dawson. There is probably not a town of any importance in the kingdom in which his voice has not been heard in this connection.

What a variety of subject his *repertoire* included, and how many of them come back vivid and sharply defined to our mind and memory as we write ! That medley of wit and wisdom, "Learned Ignorance ;" that richly-freighted argosy of wise saws and quaint concerts, entitled "Nous" ; that trumpet tone that stirred to all lofty patriotism, "The True Born Englishman ;" that sage, sententious utterance on "Shakespeare and the Bible !" How we entered into his mirth and evident enjoyment as we listened to his "Bridgwater Treatise on

Laughter," or marvelled at his psychological insight in his treatment of "George Eliot"! Whoever can forget that "Evening in Plato's Cave," or that weird "Vision of Mad Monks"?

At the Weigh House and Falcon Square, Offord Road, Hare Court, and Union, the most enthusiastic and cultured audiences have been interested and inspired by his words of winsomeness and wisdom. How dramatic the power he wielded as he made the men and women of the past to pass before us! No dry skeleton facts, affairs of names and dates, but clothed in flesh and draped appropriately—scenic, active, living realities; the flush of health upon the cheek, the nervous power in the eye,—you could almost hear the light laughter, and the throbbing heart and restless pulse. Was "Dr. Johnson" the theme of the hour? You could distinguish his behemoth tread and bellowing laughter as he strode from Bolt-court to the "Mitre," tapping the Fleet-street posts. Was it genial "Charles Lamb"? You heard the inimitable stutter as he talked with old George Dyer, or roamed the Finchley fields to Edmonton, or listened perplexed and irreverently amused to the oracular utterances

of Samuel Taylor Coleridge. Was it "Cowper : The Man and the Poet" of whom he spoke? You sat at the quiet tea-table in the cosy parlour at Olney, and listened to the gentle author of "The Task" as he talked to Lady Austin. Or that pleasant "Evening with Charles Darwin ; or, Man among the Monkeys," who can forget its good-natured sallies, or with what a delicious gusto he quoted the lines of poor Mortimer Collins *à propos* of the Evolution of a Comtist :—

There was an ape in the days that were earlier ;  
Centuries passed, and his hair became curlier,  
Centuries more gave a thumb to his wrist,  
Then he was man and a Positivist.

Or even more enjoyable still, that genial, sympathetic two hours' gossip on "Long-fellow" !

Mourning over the sorrows of the times, and lashing with satire's scorpion whip the follies and vices of men, he was ever hopeful, ever pointing to some remedial agency, pressing forward to some better and brighter time ; and the optimist, though sometimes sentimental, is ever warm ! The pretty pessimism of

Matthew Arnold may be brilliant in its sheen, but it is utterly destitute of glow; it may possess "lucidity," but that, too, is the characteristic of rock crystals, iceland spar, and Wenham Lake ice.

## CHARACTERISTICS.

PERHAPS the most salient point in the character of Paxton Hood was his *sympathy*, that most abused word, which does duty so often for mere pity, or even a supercilious patronage, that is akin to the sweet, meek spirit of sympathy as is professional philanthropy to the Sermon on the Mount.

Did you ever look into the steel eye of some of our most notorious "philanthropists"? Men sometimes, with the Beatitudes rippling from the lip, while the face is as hard as the Decalogue stones. Men whose self-elected mission is to bless, but the spectral frigidity of whose glance and touch wraps round the soul like the cold embracings of a black and frowning cloud.

We remember Paxton Hood remarking to us once that the philanthropist *per se* is oftenest amongst the very hardest of men. Why the hoary world is yet so distant from the golden

goal of its promise is perhaps mainly from the lack of sympathy on the part of its leaders and teachers. What the men and women who frequent our churches want, is not so much the clever dialectic as the winsome word. They come for the most part burdened with the thousand little cares and perplexities that form the staple of the "commonplaces" of life, and they come for comfort and cheer. They come with the doubts that have harassed, and the disappointments that have saddened, and the hard riddles that have perplexed. The brilliant bathos that plays like sheet lightning over a summer sky and is as innocuous as that; pretty theories, that, as Carlyle says of the "Black Dragoons" who fire along the empty aisles of long-deserted churches and "hit no human soul"; the learned disquisition, abstruse ratiocination, dead and buried Hebraisms and Hellenisms, or endless iterations of theological speculation, may, perchance, open wide the eyes of confused wonder,—they will never wind along the corridors and unlock the wards of human hearts. The catholicity of Mr. Hood's sympathy was large as the all-encompassing and kindly light. His theological tenets were

broad and humanising, and free from all the asperities of so much of our dogmatic speech.

As the stigmata was the loftiest honour to which the holy men and virgins of the mediæval church were wont to aspire, so, to-day, as in all times, the most earnest and beautiful souls, who proclaim the intensity of their beliefs, and the realities of their faiths,—and sometimes in unconventional ways and words, too—must ever expect and anticipate that their work will be thus all-unwittingly discovered and revealed by the thorny fillet of “heretic.” It can hardly be surprising that the men who were wont to call Maurice a Mystic, and Lynch a Neologian, and shrugged their shoulders at the mention of Thomas Binney, and scented error in the muscularity of Charles Kingsley and the gentle grace of Arthur Stanley, were wont at times to mistake the earnestness and originality of Paxton Hood for the taint of heresy. Well, the old world, under the guiding influence of the *concentric* men has made but a slow, if stately progress; perhaps the *eccentric* men may quicken its pulses and urge its faltering feet.

Of course Mr. Hood’s style was frequently

impugned. How could it be otherwise? Victor Hugo says somewhere that "Enthusiasm is always held in restraint by some men, for, in a moment of such it might disarrange the folds of the cravat." Objections were made to voice and diction. Why, sometimes he dared to sin with Shakespeare against the "unities," and sometimes, too, would be impertinent enough to coin a word! They are all men of Dantonesque audacity who dare to fashion new phrases and mould new words. He was a bold man who snatched the radiance from the palms of old Pre-Raphaelite saints, and flung into our language the strong verb, "to stigmatise;" and he who, groping amid the thick mephitic glooms of Tartarus, culled from the scorched lips of the weary son of Jupiter the forceful verb, "to tantalise."

He was always abreast of the current thought of his day, whether in Science or Philosophy, Criticism or Speculative Theology. His was the seer's power of discerning "Good in things evil." All the aspects of modern thought were familiar to him. He knew its exponents and their expositions. He had read

them, but to him they were chiefly interesting as they suggested spiritual analogies and hinted at spiritual possibilities. Not in the turbid technicalities of the schools, the countless quests and endless inquiries after merely intellectual truth, mostly formulated in the Pilate spirit, but in adaptations of living faiths to weary hearts was the true catholicon for the doubts and sorrows of humanity.

What an exquisite perception and delicate discrimination of sights and sounds he had. How he would delight in the shimmer of the moonlight on the sea, or the cry of the curlew, or the deep stillness of the mountain tarn. Well do we remember his reference to the scent of the bean-flower. We had never heard it before nor since, until a short while ago we heard it again from the lips of Stopford Brooke. This sense of smell is, perhaps, one of the most potent as an agent of memory. The breath of the wallflower and the stock will in an instant bring back recollections of boyhood, the thatched cottage and the honey-suckled porch; and the odour of peat will instantly recall the happy years of long ago in a pleasant little French city on the Somme.

How keen was his love of nature ! How frequently he talked of quiet walks across the fields and along old country lanes. He was at home wherever there was beauty, whether amid the simple pastoral scenes of the Midlands, or upon the shores of Como ; whether among the western wolds or eastern fens, on mossy moor or mountain crag ; by Scottish loch or out on the solitudes of the great North Sea. He loved Nature as Wordsworth loved her, because he could converse with her, and understood her mystic undertones. The writing of the universe is always in hieroglyphics, which only the poet-heart can interpret. He knew, too, the spell of the crowded city, and the charm of historical association. He loved London and Paris, New York and Boston, and the witchery of old mediæval cities like Antwerp and Basle, Rouen and Nuremberg.

Versatility was another of his most eminent characteristics. Carlyle says : " I confess I have no notion of a truly great man that could not be *all* sorts of men." He seemed to have met this generalisation.

How cheery, too, and healthy was his sociality. He was the welcome guest at the

tables of the rich and the cultured, where his brilliant conversational abilities, his wealthy stores of anecdotes, his light satiric touch (he was never acrimonious), his quick retort and clever *repartee*, were eagerly sought and readily appreciated. He loved, too, to enter beneath the rose-twined porch of the village cottage, to sit with the sufferer and beguile the tedious time with pleasant tale and simple story, or to sing to the sorrowful some of his own sweet hymns that tell that "Rest remaineth," or of "Harps of gold." "Sing to me," said a poor man one day to him in Brighton, as he entered the room in which the aged Christian lay dying; "Sing to me, Mr. Hood;" and then and there he sung him one of his own beautiful hymns of faith and serene hope; he sang him to his sleep and to his rest.

What a variety of mind he had been brought into contact with! How many of the men who have been making history during this last half-century, and whose names are the "verbs of our language" had he come to know. He knew and loved the venerable author of the "Pleasures of Memory," who had cheered and encouraged him in his earliest essays in

literature. That sweet spirit who has wielded so fascinating an influence upon "men of all the creeds," John Henry Newman, wrote to him some hearty words of thankfulness for a kindly review of some of his books. "I acknowledge you," he said, "to be one of those 'men of good will' to which the angels brought peace on Christmas night, and I pray for you that supreme peace when ~~this~~ life is over which I pray for myself."

Lord Lytton wrote some warm and weighty words of approval of much of his work. Of his earliest introduction to Bulwer Lytton the record has been preserved. Fascinated by the spell the author of "The Caxtons" was fastening round young and appreciative souls, the young man, Paxton Hood, ventured to call upon him. As has not been infrequent in such cases, he was told he could not see the popular patrician poet. Taking a pencil and paper from his pocket, he hastily wrote :

A son of song, to fame unknown,  
Stands waiting in your hall below,  
Your footman bids him to be gone ;  
Say, mighty Bulwer, shall he go ?

The impromptu proved a potent *sesame*. He

was sent for, kindly received, and invited to call on several occasions at Knebworth. Of his pleasant visit to Longfellow, only a few days before the poet's death, he has told us in his chatty letters in *The Christian World*.

In Mr. Spurgeon he had a firm and enthusiastic friend; and Thomas Carlyle, who sent for him after the appearance of his appreciative "Exposition," said to him in the old house at Cheyne Walk, Chelsea, "I never thought anyone could understand me as you evidently do, Mr. Hood."

As befits a true man, he who was so tender in his ministrations to sorrow was the most easily susceptible to such. No man was more exquisitely pleased at any trifling attention that love or affection suggested or impelled. And so gracious and graceful in all his acknowledgments! Once, in a long conversation, we told him of a little personal experience years ago in an old French city. How heartily he thanked us for the story, and intimated that, if we would give him permission, he should weave it into one of his Sunday sermons. He was ever a Christian *gentleman*, gracefully cour-

teous, uniformly kind. The staple element in his life and in his address was courtesy ; but if on occasion he was capable of a scorn that was withering, an invective that was terrible, it was only when he was roused to indignation at some meanness or falsity, some cruelty or wrong.

One of his friends writes : “ His household was in the highest sense a patriarchal one ; the humblest domestic there feels that she has lost not a kind master, but a dear father and a beloved friend.” Hear him, in a page from his “ Age and its Architects,” written long years since :—“ Our domestic servitude is for the most part a piece of social barbarism. Oh ! if we carried Christianity to our homes we should treat our servants as members of the same family. Why a different tone of voice to the servant ? Why less kindness ? True, her home is in the kitchen, and yours may be in the parlour ; yet make that kitchen indeed a home ; let it be a source of pride and pleasure to you to hear Mary singing while scouring the irons or trundling the mop. Compatible with propriety, let there be liberty, let there be time to read and to write, let there be good books in

the kitchen, and instil the spirit of courtesy and true politeness into the mind of your servant by an invariable kindness to her." His precept passed readily into practice, and he was ever wont to lift his hat as readily and reverently to the peasant as to the peer.

His friends are never tired of telling little stories of the man that reveal these amiabilities, these graceful hints of the large soul that so revelled in the "luxury of doing good." Away down in the South of France there passed one evening, beneath the hotel window at which he and his wife were sitting, an anxious, troubled face. It was not that of a beggar, and yet there was in it that which revealed to his quick-witted heart that the man was in need. Fleet as thought Mr. Hood sprang to his feet, and darting out into the street he tapped the poor fellow on the shoulder and quickly placed a piece of silver in his hand. The swift intuition had revealed to his kindly heart that the man was in want, and had as quickly suggested and impelled the ready help.

He was pre-eminently *sensitive*, yet with an utter absence of morbidity. He had, too,

the happy art of surrounding himself with a halo of perpetual summer; no matter how rude had been the tempest, or how murky the cloud through which he had passed, the sky was always amber, the atmosphere was ever opalescent, it was ever a sapphire sea. Or you knew he came out of the hush of the study and the silent companionship of books, yet he impressed you with the feeling that his foot had just brushed the dewy heather of the moors, or that his brow had just been bared to the freshening breezes of the hills.

His was a perennial cheerfulness. No matter what the crisis through which he had passed, how sad the occasion, how bitter the experience, he always brought sunshine in his wake. Sunshine to him was what shade is to most of us, and his presence seemed to dissipate one's gloom and dispel one's doubt like sun-rays shimmering through the mountain mists. And yet so sensitive a soul must have been exquisitely alive to the keenness of grief. Like all true poets he "learned in sorrow what he taught in song." To him suffering had been the avenue through which many of his experi-

ences had entered. Well says dear Elizabeth Barrett Browning :—

Knowledge by suffering entereth,  
And life is perfected by death.

May we be permitted to quote here from a recently received letter from Mrs. Hood :—  
“ Of course no one can really write a Life of any one else ; in proportion to the greatness, purity, truth, and nobility of a life and its motive power, so it must be ever ‘sealed with seven seals which no man can open,’ and every day, as I think of my husband’s life *as I knew it*, it becomes more and more sacramental to me, a sacrament in which ‘labour and sorrow’ composed the bread, but with which, thank God, was mingled much of the wine of love. I feel that the life has been *lived* ; that it has inspired some free and noble souls, and comforted and ministered to many sorrowful ones. To these souls, and in his noble words and works, he must *always live*. As to attempting the vain task of making him understood by any who do not understand him *instinctively* it is as hopeless as to try to make a serpent understand a bird ; but so far as his friends

have attempted this hopeless task, I must most affectionately and gratefully acknowledge their loving kindness and tender charity."

We have spoken of his geniality. A *soirée* or *conversazione*, if it lacked all other elements of interest, was an assured success, an ever-memorable occasion, if Paxton Hood was the presiding genius. He had so happy and so artless a method of winding in and about your affections; his cheery talk, his warmth of greeting and pleasant smile drove away all diffidence and fairly broke up all stiff and starchy little coteries that so often freeze the life out of all sociality.

His wondrous versatility was illustrated by his varied mode of address. He could charm the simple rustics in the quiet village, or enchain the thought of the "square-headed" auditory at Offord Road. . He could hold the attention of an assembly of children, or still, as by a spell, the stormy elements of a great public political meeting. There was never a tone of patronage in his sermons or lectures; he gauged intuitively the mental calibre of his hearers, and talked in brotherly tones that compelled attention. His voice was ever

earnest and exhilarating on behalf of all true reforms, whether they lay in the direction of temperance, peace, freedom of worship, early closing, or any of the various methods devised for the uplifting and amelioration of those especially whose life is labour and whose joys are few.

His fidelity to his convictions in the great cause of peace brought its recognition, when, in 1849, he was chosen as one of the delegates to the great Peace Congress in Paris; sturdy Joseph Sturge saying to him, as he handed him his pass,—“Of all men in England, *thou* shouldst go to the Peace Congress, friend Paxton.” More than thirty years later, the same vehement voice was lifted in the same holy cause. It had lost none of its resonance; the tongue had not in that long interval learned to “prophecy smooth things,” and *this time* the recognition of such led to the loss of his church at Manchester.

On all matters of public interest and importance he was *très-prononcé*, especially, perhaps, in matters connected with ecclesiastical polity. This led to one of the latest *rencontres*, which is doubtless in the sorrowful memory of many,

and to which it would be profitless to refer. That voice—to no one, perhaps, who heard it for the first time, sounded anything but strange and eccentric, but it was a voice that grew upon you, that had a strange fashion of stealing in upon you and winding its way into the recesses of your heart. As again and again you heard it, it fascinated and threw its spell over you, until at length you wondered at its marvellous intonations and the wild, weird effects it was capable of producing: now soft and tender, palpitating with pathos, and now stormful, and piercing the air like the sea-bird's scream. You were, perhaps, repelled almost at first as the tones rang out in those strange octaves, but it soon revealed so much of variety, of melody, of *timbre*, that it commended itself at last to you as a very appropriate vehicle of the message, and the tone intensified the teaching; he was a master of *accents*.

His love of music was very deep, and his voice,—which, as we have already intimated, to some who were imperfectly acquainted with its full compass of intonations, was *outré* in the extreme,—lent itself most readily

to song. He loved music, and he could sing—and sweetly too. He says in that little collection of “Temperance Melodies,” which he published long years ago,—“The best Riot Act I could ever read to quell a disturbance was a melody.”

## REMINISCENCES.

ONLY a few weeks before the death of Paxton Hood it was our privilege and pleasure to preach to the dear people at the Royal Hospital for Incurables at Putney Heath. A month or two previously he had told us during a long and interesting walk we had together, of *his* visit here, and of his impressions of the place and the people ; of the strange, startling experience of preaching to a congregation of men and women *hopelessly incurable*.

It was with a very considerable amount of tremor we entered upon that Sabbath evening service—a tremor we had never felt in any other place or service, lengthy and varied as our experience had been. There, around the preacher's desk, lay the halt and the maimed—the helpless paralytic, the hopeless victim to spinal disease—like the impotent folk around the portals of Bethesda's Pool. Upon every one of them had passed the dread verdict of

surgeon and physician, "incurable." Many had been here for long years; many were in the bright bloom of beautiful youth; and here they had all found a "quiet resting-place"—a sheltering haven amid the storms and stress of life, tended and solaced with all the little comforts that human ingenuity could devise or human sympathy suggest, and yet with the constant pressure of pain, and the ever-recurring echo of that sad sentence that awhile ago they each and all had listened to, to bear them company through all the coming years.

We say it was with a very considerable amount of trepidation, an indefinable sense of dread and diffidence, we entered upon that service. What could we say? Surely no word that might accentuate their sense of suffering, and yet as assuredly, no words that might suggest indifference to their lot. But when we looked into the pale, pathetic faces, we could discern no sense of that lingering sorrow we had anticipated; only a beautiful placidity—faces that seemed lighted up as is a dreaming child's when the angels whisper to him. The oppression sped rapidly, and we had a very quiet, enjoyable, and, we trust, not

unprofitable hour, as we talked together of the "old, old story" of Infinite Love, and of the mercy that underlies the mystery.

At the close we conversed for some time with one of the inmates, for whom Paxton Hood had, through his appeal in the columns of *The Christian World*, succeeded in finding a shelter here—poor Charles Bruce, the "Child of Literature." After some pleasant words about the service and the subject of our evening meditation, we mentioned the fact of our intimacy with Paxton Hood. How the dear man's eyes brightened, even sparkled amid his pain. "Ah," he said, "I do love him. I often hear from him. He frequently writes to me, although he is so busy a man. I had a letter from him only the other day telling me of his visit to Dewsbury. He is going in a week or two for his summer holiday, and I know that either he or Mrs. Hood will come and see me before they go." It was of this last, sad journey, that was to be so rudely and swiftly ended, that he spoke. Poor Charles Bruce, so terribly deformed and so utterly incapacitated for ordinary work, had for years been befriended by Mr. Hood, who had found for him some employment in his

literary labours, until there was added to his other terrible infirmities writer's cramp, which had rendered further effort in this direction impossible. But the faithful friend was restless until, through the co-operation of his many friends, whose interest he had enkindled, he had secured for the poor sufferer a corner in this beautiful and beneficent home.

On leaving the hospital, the matron very kindly put into our hand the pamphlet Paxton Hood had written, and which was the outcome of his visit. It is entitled "The Palace of Pain," and is, perhaps, one of the tenderest tributes that ever trickled from his pen. With what a pathetic interest is it now invested, being, if we mistake not, one of the very latest of his published writings. Some £2,000 have been added, it is said, to the funds of this admirable institution—the emanation from the busy brain and warm heart of the late Dr. Andrew Reed—by the issue of this grateful and graceful tribute. It is a very pleasant and gratifying thought that through the large-hearted generosity of Mrs. Hood, by the gift of five hundred guineas of the amount raised as a token of reverent appreciation of the life

and labours of her beloved husband, a ward of the Royal Hospital for Incurables will perpetuate the memory of Paxton Hood, who wrote "The Palace of Pain."

"Reminiscences," we have entitled this chapter. How they come trooping down the long corridors of the past years as we write! In that quaint old Temple Bar, that rare old rivet that linked ghost-haunted Fleet Street with the Strand, and has now given place to the more mythical, yet scarcely more picturesque "griffin," just below the spot where, in the "good old times" of the Hanoverian Georges, the skulls of the traitors grinned sardonically upon the passer-by from the rusty spikes upon which they were impaled, was a little barber's shop, where often in those days, when we professed to find comfort in what we were wont to designate "a clean shave," it was our good fortune to listen to the cheery gossip of the garrulous old barber himself, who, with a very pardonable pride, delighted in retailing little stories of the grave barristers and graver judges upon whom he had had the honour of performing his tonsorial art.

Entering one day, our dear old friend, Paxton

Hood, was seated in the chair, submitting to the operations of "mine host" and listening with very curious interest to his oft-told tales. We were fain to remain quiet until the delicate performance should be over, but our friend catching sight of us, started up in that quick, hearty manner of his, and with the lather still upon his face, shaking our hand as though he meditated dislocation, and breaking out, "Ah! my dear Sir,—so glad to see you—so glad to see you," to the utter mystification of the gossiping old man. Another time, and again in Fleet Street, we met him. He had been busy at the book-stalls of Holywell Street. He knew every one of them in Fleet Street, and the Strand, and Holborn, and was quite as at home with those in Paris on the Quai d'Orsay or down by the Pont Neuf. "Ah! my dear Sir," he said, "I can't shake hands with you, you see I am heavy laden." Books in his hands, books under his arms, books swelling to their utmost proportions his coat-tail pockets, and books, as he told us, in his *hat*! "All sorts of books," he said, "Books on Surgery, Books of Travel, Poetry, Biography, Homœopathy, Galvanism—they'll all

come in useful some day;" and sure enough they did, for only a Sunday or two later many of them had been pressed into the preparation for the pulpit service.

What a library he had ! What endless stores of books—*twelve tons weight* of them when he removed from Barnsbury to Manchester. Books to him were no idle furniture ; he lived in and amidst them ; he read, marked, learned, and inwardly digested them. The world of books which he had traversed was like a vast Hercynian Forest. He not only knew its broad ways, he had trodden its by-paths, its mossy dells and grassy glades, and cleft a way amidst its tangled clumps and well-nigh inaccessible nooks. You could hardly mention the work of any one writer with which he was not intimately familiar. Omnivorous readers are, perhaps, not infrequently deficient in retention and reproduction. To Paxton Hood books were a necessity of his being, they were his mental *pabulum*, he devoured them ; but he never forgot what he read, and from out his rich and varied store he was ever apt and "ready to communicate," and to "bring forth things new and old." How

he loved and revered them and how tenderly he used to speak of them, especially those ranged there upon those favourite shelves within that *sanctum sanctorum*. He loved to make you a sharer in his wealth, to put you in love with the men and books he loved; to enkindle your enthusiasm, and to make you listen to the spirit voices that, through the medium of the printed page, had whispered to him. Books passed through the alembic of his brain and came out transmuted and transfigured. Even books of a very common-place type and character were lifted and ennobled by the process. They passed through the crucible and reappeared in many a sententious apophthegm and aphoristic truth, suggesting to the reader or hearer a higher and deeper meaning and purpose than, perhaps, had ever entered into the conceptions of their authors.

One other memory that lingers : Only a few months since we were to attend a public meeting together. He came some hour or two before the appointed time and poured out his ceaseless flow of anecdotal talk—stories of preachers and preaching; journeys along the banks of French rivers and by the margins of Swiss

lakes ; in old Italian cities ; over the American prairies, and by Norwegian shores ; of memorable men and women he had met ; of wonderful deacons—or “beacons,” as a ministerial brother calls them—and of we know not what beside. A notable time that lives in our memory and heart.

Two more and recent instances and illustrations of his delicate attentions and generous love of giving pleasure to others we may mention. Only on the Sunday before his death he officiated in the early morning at a wedding in his church, gracefully setting the seal of his own loving personality upon the occasion by writing a special marriage hymn for his young friends. And when, after he broke down at Dewsbury, when the Rev. A. A. Ramsey had finished reading the MS. (Mr. Hood having been removed from the platform, and having fainted in the vestry), he insisted on appearing on the platform at the close, to assure the good people—“just to show,” as he kindly said, “that he was not seriously ill.”

In a thousand ways the lovable nature of the man was ever asserting itself. In his many ministrations to the sick and sorrowful ; in his

efforts for his poor, crippled friend and *protégé* Charles Bruce; in the dedication of his book on "Swedenborg" to his wife—which is so characteristic, so altogether *naïve* and charming that we cannot forbear transcribing it here:—

"TO MY WIFE.

"MY DEAR LIZZ.—It is a pleasure to me to ask you to accept this volume, as a memento of affection. I see not why a man should be accused of bad taste, for inscribing a book to the only person likely to appreciate the action; and then the topics of this book have been the subjects of long, long conversation between us—by our fireside, and in our field-walks, and all quiet hours. This book, written for the most part with your sympathy, and not without your assistance, to whom may I so appropriately, so affectionately, so sincerely inscribe it as to you?

"EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

"*Nibley, Dursley, Gloucestershire,*

"*Feb. 3, 1854.*"

## *PREMONITIONS.*

**B**UT the strain and stress of the busy years had done their work and were about to tell their tale, and in addition to their more palpable and tangible revelations in weariness of body and shortened breath, and hacking cough and burdened brain, there came mysterious previsions and premonitions in tints and tones that were significant and authoritative.

A day or two before leaving for that latest summer holiday which was destined to have so abrupt and speedy a termination, while saying "Good-bye," and shaking hands in that hearty and cheery manner which was his wont, he said: "My work is done;" and in that sermon at Dewsbury, only a few weeks before the end came, he quoted Letitia Barbauld's sweet lines, with an emphasis that was then suggestive and the

memory of which is now vested with a wider significance—

Say not "Good night,"  
But in a happier clime bid me "Good morning."

On May 17 he preached the Sunday-school anniversary sermons at Dewsbury, and, on the following evening, although conscious of an unwonted weariness, proceeded to deliver his well-known and always popular lecture on "William Ewart Gladstone: the Great Commoner, the Man, the Minister, his Place and Power." After proceeding for some three-quarters of an hour, the air left his lungs, and he was fain to desist. They carried him into the vestry, where he fainted, and for some considerable time all restoratives failed in reviving him. The next day some friends, with a medical gentleman of the town, accompanied him to London. Here he was compelled to rest for the remainder of the week; but, frail as he was, he insisted on preaching as usual on the following Sunday.

He conducted the usual services also on Trinity Sunday, and on the following Sunday, June 7, occupied his pulpit for the last time. In

the morning he spoke on the always congenial theme—" *Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever ;* " and in the evening, intending to start on the next day for the Continent—his deacons having insisted upon his taking a lengthened rest—preached his LAST SERMON from the striking text, "*Ready to depart on the morrow.*" The morrow was wet and stormy, and so the journey was postponed until the following day. "Ready to depart." Yes! with a full accomplishment of work. "Ready," with the record of the years filled to repletion with labour—but labour that he loved. "Ready," with the heart yet young and the brow unclouded, and "wearing the white flower of a blameless life."

## ENTERING INTO REST.

ON Tuesday, June 9, he set out for a two months' holiday in Switzerland and Italy; he had told us all his plans for this journey only a few weeks before,—where, amid scenes long familiar and beloved, and which had always proved most effective in their recuperative effects upon both wearied body and burdened brain, he hoped to recruit for fresh work at Falcon Square. He travelled *viâ* Newhaven and Dieppe as far as Paris, breaking his journey, as he imagined, for a few days at the Hôtel Normandie in the Rue St. Honoré.

On Wednesday and Thursday he walked about Paris a good deal,—he knew it, as he knew most things, thoroughly,—and well he delighted to move amid the memorials of the past with which the fair City on the Seine is so replete. Returning, with the sense of excessive fatigue, he retired early to rest, intending to leave on the morrow for Basle. Shortly after

midnight he was awakened by the troublesome cough which had disturbed his sleep for many months, and, failing to find any respite, he got out of bed and paced the room, panting for breath. Medical aid was summoned, but before it arrived the end had come. After an interval of great agony, he stretched out his clasped hands, exclaiming, "*O GOD! O GOD! my wife, my wife!*" and fell forward on the floor. Mrs. Hood, thinking only that he was faint from exhaustion, was sitting by him, trying to administer some restoratives, when the doctor came and told her all was over. Thus, in the early dawn of this 12th June, he, "having served his generation, fell asleep."

One of the deacons, who had been telegraphed for by Mrs. Hood, and who, after making the necessary arrangements for the funeral, had returned with her to the shadowed home, announced the death of their pastor, on the Sunday morning, to the sorrowing church. They brought the mortal remains of their honoured minister to London, and laid them for a brief rest among his beloved books. He had loved books—had lived in them, they were to him true and tender friends. He had

gathered fifteen thousand of them in that library in Barnsbury Park. It was a reverent thought to lay him in their midst, as though those spirit companions who had so often ministered to him in his hours of life and health, should keep quiet vigil now.

“At rest,”—tongue and pen, after the restless activities of forty years. At rest,—throbbing heart and busy brain. The bells were to ring for him no more over the blue waters of Como, but over the glassy sea there rung the sweeter chimes that Bunyan heard when Christian landed on the golden shore. At rest,—and, until the morning, “Farewell,” dear, sweet spirit, blest minstrel who had played so tenderly upon the harp-chords of our heart. Adieu, until the morning dawns and “the shadows flee away.”

*THIS IS THE LAST OF EARTH.*

AFTER a preliminary service had been conducted at the residence in Barnsbury by the Rev. Rhys Evans, Mr. Hood's successor at Brighton, a most impressive service was held at Abney Chapel, Stoke Newington, the several parts of which were undertaken by the Revs. Justin Evans, of Dalston (Mr. Hood's predecessor at Falcon Square), Jenkin Jones, his successor at Offord Road, A. Sandison, of the Weigh House ; Dr. Allon, of Islington ; and Dr. Llewellyn Bevan, of Highbury, who delivered a very touching and tender address. Here great troops of friends from Falcon Square and Offord Road, Brighton and Manchester, and the little Gloucestershire village, scene of his first pastorate, sang together those sweet verses which he had himself written, and which had so often soothed the perturbations of so many restless hearts, to the

tune "Litany" to which he had first married them :—

*Rest remaineth* : Oh, how sweet !  
Flow'ry fields for wandering feet,  
Peaceful calm for sleepless eyes,  
Life for death, and songs for sighs.

*Rest remaineth* : hush that sigh !  
Mourning pilgrim, rest is nigh !  
Yet a season, bright and blest,  
Thou shalt enter on thy rest.

*Rest remaineth* : rest from sin ;  
Guilt can never enter in ;  
Every warring thought shall cease ;  
Rest in purity and peace.

*Rest remaineth* : rest from tears,  
Rest from parting, rest from fears ;  
Every trembling thought shall be  
Lost, my Saviour, lost in Thee !

*Rest remaineth* : Oh, how blest !  
We believe, and we have *rest* ;  
Faith, reposing faith, hath been  
'Mongst the things that are not seen.

Thus, my Saviour, let me be  
Even here at rest in Thee,  
And at last, by Thee possessed,  
On Thy bosom sink to *rest*.

The last service, at the grave-side, was rendered by the Rev. William Tyler, D.D., F.R.M.S., of Mile End, and the Rev. Burman

Cassin, M.A., Rector of St. George the Martyr, Southwark, who, in a few hearty Christian words, testified to his love for the catholic-hearted man we were committing to the dust, "Dear Paxton Hood," as he repeatedly spoke of him. Once more we sang—at least, as many of us as could, for the tears *would* come—those sweet words of his which we had so often sung together in the old days at Offord Road, and again to the tune "Ems" to which he originally wrote them:—

Heart-broken and weary, where'er thou may'st be,  
There are no words like these words for comforting thee,  
When sorrows come round thee like waves of the sea,  
The Saviour says cheerfully: "Come unto Me."

There are no words like these words: "Come hither and  
rest:"

Afflicted, forsaken, the thorn in thy breast,  
All lonely and helpless, He thought upon thee,  
And He said in His tenderness, "Come unto Me."

O Saviour! my spirit would fain be at rest:  
There are passions which rage like a storm in my breast;  
Oh! show me the road along which I must flee,  
And strengthen me, Saviour, to come unto Thee.

There are no words like these words; how blessed they be  
How calming when Jesus says: "Come unto Me."  
Oh, hear them, my heart, they were spoken to thee,  
And still they are calling thee: "Come unto Me."

I will walk through the world with these words on my heart ;  
Through sorrow or sin they shall never depart ;  
And, when dying, I hope He will whisper to me :  
“ I have loved thee and saved thee ; Come, sinner, to Me.”

In addition to those already mentioned, amongst the very many ministerial brethren who were grouped around the grave, were the Revs. Dr. Kennedy, W. Dorling, H. Storer Toms, Vaughan Pryce, Henry Simon, Samuel Hebditch, Reuen Thomas, T. C. Udall, W. Garret Horder, Vale Mummery, Frank Soden, James Ellis, Ira Boseley, G. Snashall, G. M. Murphy, J. P. Turquand, Ossian Davies, J. Branwhite French, John Morgan, Robert Berry, E. J. Bird, and many others.

Those memorial services were significant ones. They began and ended with music. As they brought the flower-covered coffin in to Abney Chapel on that bright June morning, it was to the accompaniment of Handel's Dead March in *Saul*, and the service at Falcon Square found its appropriate close and completion in the glorious strains of the “ Hallelujah Chorus.”

May we be pardoned here, for quoting the

concluding words of Dr. Bevan's appreciative and altogether beautiful funeral discourse from the words : " He hath put a new song in my mouth " ?—

" What was it that made him just what he was ? Think of his toil ; how industrious ; how ceaseless in labour, in the amassing of stores of knowledge, in the accumulation of the mental treasures which were his. What gave to him these powers ? Not original circumstance, but a passion for the service of God and Christ. It was just this Gospel which laid hold of our friend ; changed his nature and filled it with power. Think of his devotedness ; he never spared himself ; he gave all his powers to his work, to his church. He held nothing back. I suppose there never was a man who was more lavish of himself. Even near the end of life, when there came that first warning, and he broke down in the middle of his lecture, and had to retire from the platform while it was being read by some one else, he was yet impelled to go back and say some word lest they should think he was worse than he was, and the audience go away with a saddened heart. Entirely self-sacrificing, a nature that

wholly forgot himself, thinking only of the work to which he had been called and the service which he could render. Many of you, I dare say, know the service he has given to this church, and still more know the very lengthened services of the past, when he was able to work with the fuller powers of youth and strong manhood. Many can bear testimony to that great devotedness. He never spared himself. Perhaps he would have been with us still if he had spared himself a little more. But after all, what is life if it is not sacrifice, and who are we that we should spare ourselves when work is to be done? This power is drawn from Christ. Christ's spirit came down and filled his soul and consumed him with the passion of his toil. And if I were to speak of his loving nature, his gentle affections, why these are things almost too sacred even for the pulpit. Even the public eye of such a loving congregation as this is not to look in upon all scenes, and we must drop the curtain on those exquisite relations of life which he filled as husband and father and friend and companion. It was well to know him in the pulpit, on the platform, in his books; but it

was better to know him in the social circle ; better to know him in his home or in your own home ; you his guest, or he yours. These are ways to know men ; you come close to them then. Men are what they are in these unguarded, these the more sacred moments of life. It is then that we remember our friend, his geniality, his kindness, his large-heartedness. It was not in his controversy that I would remember him ; but when he was speaking of his brethren and his relations to those of other churches. It was not in his public work that I would remember him ; it was in some of these scenes, when I could come close to the man, and see the eye that was so bright, feel the hand that was so true, and almost hear the beating of the heart that was so loving. What made all this ? Natural genius ? Somewhat. Idiosyncrasies ? Somewhat. Temperament ? Somewhat. But all these changed, glorified, sublimed, by the power of Jesus Christ.

“I can almost hear to-night the echo of our friend’s voice the first time I ever heard him preach. I was a boy in a school in London, and a teacher in the Sunday-school to which I went mentioned to me the name of Mr. Hood,

and told me to go and hear him. I have heard a good many sermons, and have forgotten them. I have forgotten most of my own. But I heard that sermon, and I have never forgotten it. I could preach a good deal of it now. And I shall never forget—it was in Offord Road—a sudden turn in that sermon, when he burst out into song. In a moment he lifted us into a higher inspiration, on to a nobler plane of thought and feeling, by that, to me, most extraordinary incident in the middle of a sermon—the preacher himself singing. Well now, friends, I am not going to sing to-night, but I want you to change my sermon into the song of your life. I will not turn from my poor prose into what would be, perchance, my poorer poetry ; but I ask you to do it, every one of you to-night. May you have a sweeter light, a more consecrated demeanour, a more Christ-like character. God help you to put a new song into your mouth.”

And here, in dear old Abney Park, sacred by so many hallowed memories, on this bright June 18, 1885—seventieth anniversary of Wellington’s great victory—in presence of “a very great multitude” we laid the son of the old naval officer who had sailed with Nelson

TO REST, side by side with dear Thomas Binney, and only a few feet from the “quiet resting-place” of Alexander Raleigh.

Standing there we thought of a quiet Saturday evening we had spent some years since in the quaint old cathedral of Meaux—hoary, stately, time-stained Gothic pile. Here Bossuet (that man of restless activities) was Bishop, and here he preached and fought and worked through all those stormful years. When his friends, Arnauld and Nicole, urged him to take rest, for he was wearing himself out with his multiplicity of labour—“Rest,” said he, “I shall have all Eternity for rest.” Remembering this, we sought and soon read the significant inscription on the marble statue which covers his remains :—

Hic quiescet resurrectionem expectans  
Jacobus Benigno Bossuet.  
Requiescat in pace.

Here, in “God’s acre,” surrounded by many whom he had known and loved, and who in their turn had loved him, *rests*, after a life so full as to shame our poor performances,

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD.

Surely the place is consecrated by the presence of so much hallowed dust. He sleeps in close companionship with gentle Thomas Lynch and lovable Samuel Martin, Alexander Fletcher, the children's friend, and Andrew Reed, the friend of the fatherless, eloquent Dr. Archer and learned Dr. Pye Smith, hearty William Brock, graceful John Harris, and sturdy John Campbell; with Edward Mannering, Arthur Tidman, James Bennett, James Sherman, Henry Burder, Robert Hailey, James Spence, John Young, John and George Clayton, George Smith, John Adey, Robert Philip, Thomas Thoresby, Dr. Massie, Dr. Medhurst, Dr. Hoppus, James Stratten, Cotton Mather, Dr. Stowell, Dr. Leifchild, William Lockwood Thornton, Dr. Hoby, Dr. Matheson, Clement Dukes, William Grigsby, William Gill, Nun Morgan Harry, John Blackburn, Dr. Morrison, Dr. Boaz, William Ellis, Josiah Conder, Henry Vincent, Charles Reed, Samuel Morley, and a host of worthies who "fought the fight" and have "entered into rest."

Dr. Raleigh says of the funeral of Thomas Binney,—“On the evening of the day when our friend was buried I went again to the place

where he was laid. It was well on in the evening; few people were in the street. I looked through the iron gates and saw the place where the clustering thousands had stood not many hours before. The moonlight fell quietly on the scene. The white monuments gleamed weirdly, and *there* was the silent grave with its new occupant asleep—sleeping in Jesus, but so soundly that none but *He* can wake the sleeper.” When he returned home an hour later he said to his wife, “I have been almost tempted to-night to buy the grave next Binney’s—the spot looks so calm and beautiful. I will not buy it now, but I should like to lie there,” and there, six short years afterwards, his desire was accomplished and they lie together in death.

And now the friend of both has joined their ranks and bears them company; and standing there by the yet unclosed grave, we whisper to ourselves his own sweet words:—“God has rocked him into rest.” The coffin and its coverlet of flowers,—the white rose crosses, the chaplets of gardenias and the wreaths of pale azalea blooms,—are covered up, and “*this* is the last of earth.”

Have we looked for the last time into that kind face—on that broad brow, with its shaggy fringes overhanging those tenderly beautiful eyes? Shall we never hear again the cheery ripple of his laughter, or feel again the hearty grip of his warm hand? The man has passed “behind the veil,” but although there may yearn often from our saddened hearts—

Oh! for the touch of a vanished hand  
And the sound of a voice that is still,

there yet shall linger long, nay! ever, many a helpful word, and gleaming fancy, and suggestive thought, as precious memories in our life and heart.

Reverent hands have raised a graceful monument above the grave. At the head of a slab of polished red granite is a rough white marble rock, upon which leans a polished cross of spotless marble, in the centre of which is sculptured a group of lilies, while at its base two delicately-carven hands, also in stainless marble, are fondly clasped. Upon the cross are inscribed the words, “Come unto Me, I will give you rest;” beneath the clasped hands the tender

words, "Within the veil," while around the granite base there runs the assurance: "In the world ye shall have tribulation: be of good cheer, I have overcome the world." In black letters on the red ground of the granite, and beneath the cross, is the inscription:

EDWIN PAXTON HOOD,

Born October 24, 1820.

Entered into rest, June 12, 1885.

Greatly beloved.

One autumn morning, while these pages were passing through the Press, the writer stood here, as the winds sobbed amidst the trees, and sere leaves rustled to the ground, and the birds carolled from the branches that threw their shadows upon the marble cross. Amidst a cluster of golden cypress, planted at the foot, a loving hand had placed a basket of white and yellow chrysanthemums, and on a card was written the simple message,—

"OCTOBER 24, 1886. WITH BEST LOVE."

What a tender testimony to the teaching of the life of the silent sleeper beneath! "October 24." *His* birthday, "With best love"

—a birthday greeting to the sweet singer,  
*greatly beloved*, “within the Golden City”!

We left the quiet spot, repeating the hope-  
inspiring lines of Longfellow:—

“There is no Death! What seems so is transition.  
The life of mortal breath  
Is but a suburb of the life elysian,  
Whose portal we call Death.

. . . . .

“Thus do we walk with *Him*, and keep unbroken  
The bond which Nature gives,  
Thinking that our remembrance, though unspoken,  
May reach *Him*, where *He* lives.”

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